This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Yours truly
Charles M. Hubner

WILD FLOWERS.

POEMS.

BY

CHARLES W. HUENER.

Author of "Sources of Luther," etc.

NEW YORK:
THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1877.

WILD FLOWERS.

POEMS.

Maid of San Domingo, Play

BY

CHARLES W. HUBNER,

Author of "Souvenirs of Luther," etc.

NEW YORK:
THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1877.

.6.86
AL 1786.7.27

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by
THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING COMPANY,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

DRAMA.

Maid of San Domingo 7

WILD FLOWERS.

Greeting 76
Voices of the Spring 77
To a Mocking Bird 84
Evening by the Sea 86
Christmas 87
Graduating Hymn 91
Beautiful Star of Evening.—Song 93
Violets 96
Gloom and Glory 98
Love in Absence 101
To Carl S. H. 102
Ida 105
Beatrice 107
Dreams 109
Canzonet 111
Christmas Chime 112
To a Rose 114
Mother and Child 115
Wandering 119
Carl 120
Ida 123

The Judgment Day 125
Autumn 126
You 128
Falling Stars 129
The Seasons 131
Eumenie 134
Lore-Ley 136
Spring Flower 138
To a Beautiful Child 142
Spirits 145
In a Graveyard 148
Thou Everywhere 150
Invocation to Spring 152
Childhood Days.—Song 155
Love's First Dream —Song 157
The Brook 159

FABLES IN RHYME.

The Lark and her Young Ones 165
The Lion and the Four Bulls 168
The Wolf and the Lamb 170
The Cock and the Jewel 172
The Frog and the Fox 173
The Fox and the Grapes 174
The Bowman and the Lion 175
The Two Pots 176
The Mountain in Labor 177
The Belly and its Members 178
The Wind and the Sun 180
The Ass in the Lion's Skin 182
The Old Man and Death 183

THE MAID OF SAN-DOMINGO.

THE MAID OF SAN-DOMINGO.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BABECAN,.....A Creole.
TONIE,.....Her Daughter.
GUSTAVE de la RIED...A Swiss Officer in the French Service.
CONJO HOANGO,.....An Insurgent Negro Chief.
COLONEL STROMLY,
EDUARD,
ADOLPH, } his sons. .....French Officers.
FERDINAND,
NANKY.....A Negro Boy.
FRENCH SOLDIERS.
ARMED INSURGENTS.

The scene of the drama is the Island of San Domingo. The time of action the year 1803; during the revolt of the natives, and massacre of the French residents by the insurrectionary slaves.

THE MAID OF SAN-DOMINGO.

ACT 1ST.

A temptestuous night. The yard in front of Hoango's house. The front gate open.

SCENE I.

[*Enter* BABECAN *and* TONIE.

BABECAN.

It is a fearful night! In all my life
I have not seen its equal. How the storm
Howls through the house, and smites the groaning
earth!

TONIE.

Mother, let us return to bed; my heart
Is trembling at the wrathful voice of Heaven—
Ha! see that blinding flash! An angry God
Hurleth his curse upon the savage blacks.

BABECAN.

What! hast thou pity for the accursed French?
Dost thou forget again the nameless wrongs
That made a loathed outcast of thy mother?
The cruel, hellish villainy that drove
A trusting woman from the path of honor,
And cast her soul to hopeless, blind despair?
Has not a fierce, relentless hatred tracked us,
A hate which never rested, lagg'd, nor slept
Until its fangs had caught, and crushed the victim?
Did I not place the wide and pathless sea
Between them and my shame, and yet the vultures
Forsook me not, but swooped to haunt and tear me?
Am I an evil thing, accursed of God,
For man to shun, and which no roof dares shelter?
What was it made me what I am—a crazed,
A broken-hearted, hopeless, desperate woman?
Whose only thoughts are curses on her kind,
Whose heart has but a single aim—revenge!

TONIE.

Mother, believe me, I do well remember
The fearful story, but it is not just
That a whole nation should be forced to pay
The penalty of crime some heartless wretch
Did perpetrate, to please his recreant nature;
Why wouldst thou shed the blood of guiltless men,
And league thyself with cruel savages,
To gain the horrid meed of thy revenge?

BABECAN.

Pshaw! child, the end will justify the means;—
For years my wrongs have cried in vain to heaven,
And now they shall be surfeited with blood!
These murdering slaves, more sure and keen to track
A fleeing Frenchman than the hound which scents
The wild boar in the forest's pathless depths,
Are ministers and tools of my revenge,
And feed the flames of my undying hate!
Ah! as they speed the bullet through the heart,
Or cut the throat of some detested Frenchman,
I bless them for the bloody work they do
For vengeance, and for me! Death to the race
From which thy father sprang! death to the cowards!

And now no more of this—words are not deeds—
Thou dost remember that when Conjo left us,
He bade us hold, by force or stratagem,
All fugitives that hitherward may stray,
To seek the grateful shelter of our roof;
The chief will soon return, and then his knife
May find again some righteous work to do;
To help him all we can shall be our task,
And though we can not dare the tented field,
Yet we can aid his cause in our own way,
And, aiding his, do service in our own.

TONIE.

And wilt thou show no mercy then, my mother?
Be just, be merciful! I can forgive
The rage for blood that rends the breast of men,
But that a woman's heart should harbor lust
For human blood exceeds the range of reason,
And adds new horror to recorded crime.
Turn the imploring wretches from thy door!
Be deaf to all their cries, and answer not;
Oh, lure them not with dark and treachrous wiles
Into a murderer's den; be merciful!
Think of my father! he is one of them,
A kindred——

BABECAN.

Hush! thy father is a villain!
His crimes alone deserve my direst wrath,
My everlasting vengeance! Yes, with blood
Shall be effaced the record of my wrongs—
Death to the dastard race from which he came!
What Conjo bade us do we will perform;
Mercy were idle, pity would be sin,
And treason to Hoango would be death!

TONIE.

Oh, mother! let my life be forfeited,
But do not steep thy daughter's hand in blood!
Crush not my soul with weight of dreadful deeds,
Taint not my virgin heart with human gore!

BABECAN.

Silence, I say! how darest thou disobey me!
Thy foolish talk doth ill befit the time;
Away, to bed! This dark and stormy night
Is no man's friend, and none will dare to brave it;
Come! go to bed.

TONIE.

Dost think that I can sleep?

BABECAN.

Do as thou wilt; it matters not to me,
Thou shalt obey me, that is all. Good night!

[*Enters the house.*

TONIE. (*solus.*)

"Good night" to me! Alas, how can I sleep
When through the chambers of my tortured soul
Treason and murder glide, with restless pace.
Sleep breathes alone the peaceful airs of heaven;
A tranquil heart alone can taste its bliss.
What difference would there be twixt good and evil
If in the heart, oppressed with dreams of crime,
Sweet sleep could still assert her tranquil reign?
Poor Tonie! No, there's no "good night" for thee!
Ah, woe is me! Who robs me of my peace,
And chases slumber from my weary eyes?
Almighty God, my mother! She it is
That thrusts the dagger in my shrinking hand,
And woos me on, along the dreadful path
That leads to murder, and the gates of hell.
How soft was once my sleep! My maiden heart
Was cradled in the lap of tender dreams,
And angel pinions canopied my rest;
Now horrid phantoms haunt me—visions born

Of treason and of blood! Ah, not for me
Shall flow the fragrant balm of happy sleep—
Poor Tonie! would that thou couldst have "good night."

[*Enters the house.*

SCENE II.

Gustave, sword in hand, and pistols in his belt, enters the gate.

GUSTAVE.

I'll go no further; be the issue here
Or life or death, I am resolved to brave it!
Ignoble is the heart that fears to die,
When from the ashes of such sacrifice
Immortal love will spring. The elements,
In dreadful conflict meeting, rock the world,
And blind the howling night with fire. 'Tis meet
That man, at least, be merciful when heaven
Hurls death-impelling bolts, and God himself
Seems deaf to supplications. Let me fall
Beneath the bludgeons of a savage mob,
Or feel the assassin's dagger in my heart—
I'll save my friends and brothers. Let me try;
Humanity dwells everywhere; perchance
I'll find it even here, for love, and pity,

Depend not on the color of one's skin.

[*He knocks at the house door with the hilt of his sword.*

Open! open, for the love of heaven!
Ten human lives hang on the verge of death!
If in your hearts there is one spark of pity
Open your door, and do not let us perish!

BABECAN.

[*At one of the windows.*

Who calls? Who knocks so loudly at my door
In this most dreadful hour?

GUSTAVE.

A fugitive,
Who craveth food and shelter. Let me in!
Amid the fearful darkness of this night
I can no further go; have pity on me!

BABECAN.

Art thou alone?

GUSTAVE.

I am alone.

BABECAN.

There's danger,
In these rude times of murder and revolt,
To open friendly doors to fugitives,
But in this wild, temptestuous night my heart
Is moved with pity; I will let thee in.

GUSTAVE.

Can I depend on thee?

BABECAN.

Be not afraid!
My daughter, Tonie, and myself, are all
That occupy the house. Wait where thou art,
And I will send her down to give thee entrance.

[*Retires from the window.*

GUSTAVE. (*solus.*)

Thank God! I find a generous heart at lat;
Saved, saved! and hope has triumphed o'er despair;
But, hold, may I not be deceived? May not
Her words, so fair, be fair but to betray me?
Was that the voice of honest sympathy?
Dare I remain? My friends will perish also
Should I not save myself—what can I do?

[NANKY *is seen in the background, locking the garden gate in great haste.*

Halt! boy, what wouldst thou do?

NANKY.

I locked the gate,
As Babecan commanded me to do.

GUSTAVE.

Why lock it now?

NANKY.

Ask that of her thyself;
In Conjo's absence she is master here.

GUSTAVE.

And pray, boy, who is Conjo?

NANKY.

Conjo, sir,
Is a great chief, who leads our men to battle
Against the French, and yesterday he joined,
With eight score men, the camp of Dessalines.
They say the white men fear him dreadfully—
Hast thou not heard of Conjo?

GUSTAVE.

Then, by heaven,
I'm in the murderer's very den! I say,
Give me those keys! I want the front gate open.

NANKY.

Nay, nay! I dare not do that.

[*Noise is heard in the house*

GUSTAVE.

They are coming!
I hear them on the stairs—'tis death to linger—
Give me those keys, I say!

NANKY. (*running.*)

O, help! help! help!

GUSTAVE.

Too late, too late. So be it. Let them come!
I'll sell my life as dearly as I can.

[*He cocks a pistol, and aims it at the door. The door opens slowly.*]

Stand back!

[TONIE *appears, her face revealed by the light of a lantern held in her hands.*

Is it an angel that I see?

TONIE.

What ails thee, stranger?

GUSTAVE.

Speak! is this a dream,
Or am I waking? Art thou flesh and blood,
Or some sweet vision of the spirit land?
I feared to meet some black and hideous demon,
With heart as foul and loathsome as his face,
But, lo! upon my doubting vision steals
The image of a woman, fair as heaven!

TONIE.

Thou shouldst not trust the dubious play of colors;
Beneath a skin as pure and white as snow
May lurk a traitor's heart. (*Aside*) Oh, righteous
Heaven,

Would that he understood me!

GUSTAVE.

Can I doubt
The honest language of thy gentle eyes?
Or fail to trust a face where God has stamped
The signet of his own divinest honor?
I feel that Love and Beauty fashioned thee
By noblest rules of sacred womanhood,
And yet wouldst have me doubt thee? Never! never!

TONIE.

It is not safe to rest beneath this roof;
The insurgent hordes, on blood and rapine bent,
Are scouring all the country round about;
We are not safe from their intrusion. Find
Some other place of refuge, if thou canst.
(*Aside*) He *will* not comprehend me!

GUSTAVE.

Well, let them come; I will remain. Thy mother
Has promised me the shelter of her roof,
And thou, alone, wouldst be unmerciful?
Wouldst thrust me forth again into the gloom,
To struggle with the warring elements,
And savage men, more pitiless than they?

TONIE.

Would I could save thee, stranger! Nanky, go,
Assist my mother. Tell her I am coming.

NANKY.

Well, Tonie.

[*Exit.*

TONIE.

Stranger, be upon thy guard;
Believe me when I say thou art not safe.

GUSTAVE.

What meanest thou?

BABECAN.

[*Speaking through an upper window.*

What means all this delay?

TONIE.—(*Aside.*)

Good God, 'tis mother!

BABECAN.

Come close the door. Should any one be near
The light may rouse suspicion. Come!

TONIE.—(*Aside.*)

Her voice
Has sealed his doom! (*Aloud.*) We're coming, mother!

BABECAN *retires from the window.*]

Stranger,

Follow me; thy faith shall not be vain—
O, holy angels, keep my soul from stain!

GUSTAVE.

Then, take my hand; I follow where thou'lt lead,
For even death, in such a dream, were sweet!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment with three doors; one in the center, and one at either side.

BABECAN.—(*solus.*)

Why doth he hesitate? Can he suspect me?
Doth he distrust my pity? Yes, by heaven!
'Twere well he did, for when his feet have crossed
The threshold of my door, his doom is sealed.
The latch that he doth lift with eager hand,
To seek within a refuge from the storm,
Shall close on him forever! There's no path
To lead him back to life and liberty;—
But, hark, they come; rejoice, avenging gods!
Another victim bleeds upon your altars!

[*Enter* TONIE *and* GUSTAVE.

GUSTAVE.

I thank thee from the bottom of my heart,
For granting me the shelter of thy roof;

Despair had almost overwhelmed my soul;
My faith in fortune and in heaven were lost—
But hope and life again are dear to me!

BABECAN.

Forsooth, thou art a bold and reckless man,
To stake thy life against a woman's heart;
Thou dost not know us, nor dost seem to care,
Building thy hopes on treacherous chance alone.

GUSTAVE.

Thy daughter's pure and guileless face suffices;
For as I gaze into her beauteous eyes,
And hear the golden music of her tongue,
My heart forgets the savage hate of race,
And boundless faith absorbs my soul.

BABECAN.

The trust
Which every feature of thy face discloses,
Deserveth similar confidence from me;
Know, then, this is Conjo Hoango's house,
The noted negro chief, of whose exploits,
And matchless cruelty thou may'st have heard.
When France, delirious in her joy, proclaimed
The age of universal liberty,
She gave to every slave upon these isles,

The signal for revolt, rapine and murder;
As from his leafy lair the panther leaps
On his unconscious victim, sprang the slaves,
With gloating wrath on their defenceless masters;
Soon were the highways ghastly strewn with dead,
And smoking ruins blotted all the land;
The first who fell beneath Hoango's hand
Was his old master, Rolf de Lavalette,
The generous lord of this once fair domain;
The mansion next became the prey of flames,
And as the reeking ruins sank to dust,
He forced me, at the peril of my life,
To swear eternal vengeance on the French,
And fealty to him, and all his band.
I did so, trembling for my daughter's fate,
For mark thou, she was born in hated France,
And much I marveled at this freak of mercy
For one whose veins hold his oppressors' blood.
Then in this lonely house he bade us dwell,
Forbidding me, on pain of death, to harbor
A white man here at any time, or give
Help, drink or nourishment to fugitives.
He has been gone since yesterday, to take
Powder to the insurgents through your lines;
If Conjo knew that I had harbored one

Of thy detested race beneath this roof,
My life were forfeited.

TONIE.

[*In a whisper, aside.*

Oh, mother, mother!

GUSTAVE.

Believe me, friends, I mean no treachery
In begging thus your hospitable aid;
I am not one whose heart delights in wrong,
Or 'neath a smiling face conceals the traitor;
Ye must not judge me by the wanton brutes
Who, in the name of France, defiled her fame;
An honest soldier shields his country's honor,
And fights her battles as a brave man should.

BABECAN.

Well, what, and who art thou? But first remove
Those weapons from thy person; thou art armed
Prodigiously! Come, make thyself at home.

TONIE.

[*With anxiety.*

Oh, mother, let our guest retain his arms,
They do so well become a gallant soldier!

BABECAN.

Thou silly girl!

GUSTAVE.

[*Laying his weapons on the table.*

I will, with your permission
Relieve myself of these ; though ornamental,
They are no less a burden.

TONIE.

[*Significantly.*

Useful things
Should not be trifled with.

BABECAN.

Tonie, be still !
Now to thy story, sir.

GUSTAVE.

[*Seating himself*

With pleasure, friends :
I am a Swiss, but France's eagles claim
My loyal heart as her adopted son.
E'en as a child my restless spirit yearned
To gaze upon strange people, and strange lands ;
My heart with wild adventures sighed to cope,
And in my dreams the lapping sea-waves sang
Forever in my ears. France called for troops ;
My uncle, and three cousins, volunteered
To fight beneath her banners in Domingo.
I left my homestead in the care of friends,
Exchanged the plowshare for the soldier's sword,

And soon the favoring Genii of the deep
Placed us upon these shores of death and slaughter.
We found the people raging with revolt;
Each foot of soil we gained was drenched with
blood;
The rebels fought like tigers, and our troops
Hedged in on every side by death and famine,
Were routed, and are fleeing everywhere—
Cape Francois is the only point we hold.
Our own brave regiment lay, sore beseiged,
In Fort St. Dauphin, ready to defend
Each inch of ground, when treason from our grasp
Wrenched our last hope away, and Dauphin fell.
My comrades sank like grain beneath the scythe;
The foe had fired the place at thirteen points,
And soon the city, and the shipping, lay
Whelmed in a sea of flame. All hope of flight
Seaward from the ill-fated spot was gone;
We then, my uncle, I and my three cousins,
Resolved to dare the worst that fate could send;
Five comrades joined us. Through the blazing
streets
We fought our dreadful way, like desperate men,
Till through a suburb, and a gate, we gained
At last the desolated land beyond.

Thus far, by fortune favored, we escaped
The murdering bands that scour the isle; resolved
To reach, if it be possible, Cape Francois,
Where General Rochambeau still bravely holds
The last asylum of the fleeing whites.

BABECAN.

What madness! for a half score of men to pierce
An army's front.

TONIE.

It is heroic, mother!

GUSTAVE.

Nay, call it, friends, the work of blind despair!
Two weary weeks have we been wandering thus,
Hid in the forest's gloomy depths by day,
While moon and stars have shaped our course by night.
Near a lagoon, a little distance hence,
I left my comrades waiting. If your hearts
Contain a single drop of human pity
Oh! send them food, and give them shelter here.
Ye have been kind to me, be kind to them,
And, surely, heaven will yet reward your mercy!

BABECAN.—(*Aside.*)

Ten men, said he? That might be dangerous—

But cautious pluck and cunning will achieve it.
(*Aloud.*) My friend, thou dost demand too much
of me;
I can not shelter ten men in this dwelling,
Hoango's spies would soon discover them.
Through yonder window dost thou not percieve
A faint glow bright'ning the horizon's verge?
'Tis there the camp fires of his people burn!
On every path and highway scouts are lurking.
Were but the roads all clear your friends might
come—

GUSTAVE.

Oh, send them food! and let my comrades know
That help is not far distant.

TONIE.—(*Aside.*)

Holy Virgin!
What can my mother mean? What direful scheme
Hath she determined on?

BABECAN.

Well, be it so.
I do not see how I can well refuse thee;
This very night shall Nanky go to them,
To bring them food and drink. Didst thou not say
Thy friends are camped close by?

GUSTAVE.

Yes, by the lake,
Within a grove of oaks, down to the right.

BABECAN.

I know the place; be not distressed about them—
Didst thou not say ten men?

GUSTAVE.

I am the tenth.

TONIE.

[*In a whisper aside.*

Is this my mother! who would thus betray,
This frank and unsuspecting youth?

BABECAN.

Now, Tonie,
Be quick, and show our handsome guest the room,
The only place of refuge I can offer;
Meantime I will prepare the meals for all,
While thou dost set the table.

TONIE.

[*Taking* GUSTAVE'S *cloak and pistols.*

Well, then, come!

GUSTAVE.

I follow thee.

TONIE.

Fear nothing, stranger; mother

Has placed thy safety in my hands, and I
Will shield thee, like an angel, from all danger.

[*Exit* TONIE *and* GUSTAVE *through the left hand door.*

BABECAN.—(*solus.*)

"Will shield thee, like an angel"—pshaw, the fool!
This angel guardianship will soon be over.
Now, Babecan, test all thy woman's wit!
One victim, only, will not be enough—
The whole black-hearted pack of dogs must perish!
Hoango's knife shall cut their hearts in twain!
Tonie is but a child; I can not trust her;
She fails to grasp the scope of my designs;
Besides, her heart leans to her father's people.
Alone will I accomplish it, and feed
The burning hunger of my soul for blood!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

[*Enter* GUSTAVE *and* TONIE *through the left hand door.*

TONIE.

[*Pointing back through the door.*

In there thou wilt be safe. It is the room
Where my guardian, Lavalette, was murdered
By Conjo and his men. The dear, good man!
How tenderly he loved his little Tonie!
May gracious God reward him for it all.

The room is empty now, and being farthest
From the high road, will offer safest shelter.

GUSTAVE.

Ah, dear and charming girl, a thousand thanks
For all thy kindness!

TONIE.

I will hasten back
With a good meal, the best the house affords;
When thou hast eaten, thou canst sleep in peace,
For I will wake, and watch.

[TONIE *walks busily to and fro, arranging the table.*

GUSTAVE.—(*solus.*)

How fair she is!
What grace celestial animates her form,
What magic music breathes from her sweet lips!
Oh, bliss incarnate of my fairest dreams!
The darkness, and the horror of these days,
Like phantoms fleeing from the touch of morning,
Fade in the radiant glory of thine eyes,
And every sorrow, dying, owns thee queen!
Can it be true that fate has drifted me,
By some mysterious power, upon these shores,
That from the womb of most disastrous times,
A love, more fair than spirit ever dreamt

Might spring to bless my soul ?—Oh, Tonie, Tonie!

TONIE.

Didst thou call me ?

GUSTAVE.

'Twas my soul that called!

TONIE.

Supper is ready. Dost thou wish aught else ?
If so, tell me immediately, before
My mother, Babecan, retires to bed.

GUSTAVE.

[*Taking hold of her hand.*

Dost thou serve every stranger with such zeal ?

TONIE.

I love to serve all that are kind and good.

GUSTAVE.

And dost thou think that I am kind and good ?

TONIE.

Thou didst confide in me, before a word
Of friendship passed between us; only those
Whose hearts are true can feel such perfect trust,
And those that trust can not be evil-minded.

GUSTAVE.

There is no blemish in my heart, believe me;

No crime has stained the record of my life,
Nor do I fear to die.

TONIE.

Thou shalt not die!
The mute assurance of mine eyes sufficed
To make thee give thy life into my keeping,
And by the grace of God, thou shalt not rue
Thy fearless faith in my integrity;
I'll save thy life, or die in the attempt!

GUSTAVE.

What meanest thou? Am I in danger here?
Speak! Have I been betrayed?

TONIE.

Stranger, be calm, and fear not; for, believe me,
My life stands pledged for thine.

GUSTAVE.

And would'st thou weep
Should an assasin's dagger pierce my breast?
Oh, darling! say would tears of fond regret
Embalm my memory in thy loving heart?

TONIE.

Oh, Heaven!

GUSTAVE.

Nay, answer me! 'Tis sweet to know

That by one's grave some faithful heart will weep,
That some dear hand will deck our dust with flowers.

TONIE.

Oh, speak not thus—it pains me!

GUSTAVE.

Art thou weeping?
Come, let me kiss those precious tears away;
Speak, darling! hast thou ever loved? Oh, tell me,
Has earth's divinest bliss and darkest woe,
Fallen upon thy spirit from the skies?—
When I beheld thee first, and on my sight
Thy beauty dawned, like some bright star that gilds
The rifted gloom of night with sudden glory,
I felt the throbbings of a new born life
Thrilling my soul. I would have followed thee
Though Murder stood, bare-armed, to strike me dead!
One thought alone had mastery of my soul;
The potent witchery of thy charms enthralled me;
My spirit staggered 'neath its weight of bliss;
All that I knew, and saw, and felt was—love!—
What! weeping still? Why all this silence, darling?

I can not bear it—tell me, hast thou loved,
Or dost thou love? Behold me at thy feet—
By all that's holy, answer!

TONIE, overcome with emotions she can not conceal, and with a gesture which reveals her love for GUSTAVE, breaks away from him, and disappears hurriedly from the room.

GUSTAVE.

[Hastening after her.

Tonie! Tonie!

The Curtain Falls.

ACT II.

The same apartment as at the end of Act 1st.

SCENE I.

GUSTAVE.

[*Entering through left hand door.*

It seems I am the only one awake;
There's no one here; but yet the hour is early—
So I must fain content me till they come.
I could not rest or sleep; a sweeter draught
Then e'en the god of lethean sleep can tender,
In his star-wreathed chalice, slaked the thirst,
The fever-frenzy of my love-charmed soul.
Spirit of love, how wondrous is thy power!
Guiding congenial hearts through golden days,
With sweeter music than the seraphs sing.
Love can outstrip the farthest flight of fancy;
Earth has no boundary that it can not leap;
It feareth not the battle's lurid gloom;

It looks undazed at fortune's glaring sun;
Nor dreads to seek the cave of blind despair.
Yea, every heart that feels its charmful touch
Gains fruitful knowledge of immortal things.
Oh, Tonie, Tonie! our congenial hearts
Blended their spirit-harmony ere yet
Our mortal eyes had met; o'er the sea waves
Stretching in vast and restless desolation,
Came to our ears the melody of love—
Soul calling upon soul!

[*He stands lost in revery.*

(*Enter*)—TONIE.

May I disturb thee?

GUSTAVE.

Ah, is it thou?

TONIE.

Thou art an early riser!

GUSTAVE.

And wouldst thou have me sleep? My heart's unrest
Can not be quieted by empty sleep.

TONIE.

Didst thou not rest or sleep?

GUSTAVE.

When in the heart

The pulses throb, as they do now in mine,
Reluctant nature heeds the soul's behest,
And is its slave. Didst thou sleep?

TONIE.

No, I could not;
All night insurgent troops marched by the house.
I hear their General has massed his forces
To take Cape Francois by assault. To-morrow,
'Tis said, the dreadful struggle will begin,
When foreign rule shall cease o'er all these lands,
And the proud flag of France be furled forever!

GUSTAVE.

Then I must hasten on, nor lose a moment—
Where is thy mother? We must now devise
The best means for escape.

TONIE.

Nay, nay! not yet;
The rear guard of the army still is near,
Their videttes, even now, are plain in sight;
'Twere certain death to thee, and all thy comrades,
Shouldst thou attempt escape at such a time.

GUSTAVE.

What, then, dost thou advise me should be done?
Surely, dear Tonie, thou wilt go with me?

A heart as pure and tender as thine own
Can never be the friend of savage men,
And breathe this lust and murder-tainted air?
Come, dearest, come! The tranquil skies of France
Shall smile upon our blended lives, and bless
Our coming years with happiness. Oh, come,
Have faith in me!

TONIE.

Shall I forsake my mother?

GUSTAVE.

Oh, she will go with us!

TONIE.

Am I to trust
A stranger, whom but yesterday I knew not?

GUSTAVE.

Love takes no heed of time; it buds and blooms,
And ripens its sweet fruit within an hour!
Methinks that I have loved thee, O! so long;
I've known thee since I knew or felt whatever
Is good, and pure, and true, and beautiful!
Tell me, have I interpreted thy heart?
Were all thy tears, last eve, for pity's sake?
Did friendship's spirit only haunt thy bosom?
Or was it love's ecstatic ministry?

TONIE.

Have pity on a weak and silly girl!
Yes, yes—I love thee! Oh, my heart in vain
Struggled to hide its secret from thine eyes;
Oh, pity me! I am a foolish maiden,
I only feel, I only know——I love thee!
Yes, take me hence; I'll trust and follow thee;
No father's care is mine, and mother spurns me,
With cruel coldness from her moody breast—
Oh, love, love me—and forsake me not!

GUSTAVE.

[*Fervently embracing her.*

God bless thee, Tonie! Ah, this world contains
Some sunshine still to cheer our fainting souls,
Some blooms of Eden which no storm can blight!
Well, Tonie, dark and toilsome is the way
Which we attempt together. Take my hand!
In weal or woe I never will forsake thee,
For thou art now my wife, in sight of heaven!
Let us get ready quickly; I will go
And let thy mother know our plans——

TONIE.

Beware!
For that way lies the road to our destruction.
Hear me! I hold a secret in my breast,

A dreadful secret—but, thou shalt be saved!
Thou art——

TONIE, with a look of alarm, interrupts herself, and hastens to the door, listening to the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps.

Oh, God of mercy! here comes mother.
Betray no sign of fear—make her believe
That thou dost trust her blindly!

GUSTAVE.

Speak! what means this?

TONIE.

Silence, I say!

[The door opens suddenly.

BABECAN.

Why, stranger! dost thou care
So little for our lives, risked in thy favor,
That thou shouldst dare exposure in this room?
Back to thy hiding place!

GUSTAVE.

I ask thy pardon!
I strove to learn some tidings from my friends;
Perhaps thy messenger will soon return.

BABECAN.

The messenger I sent has just returned;
Thy friends are well, and send thee kindest greeting,

And thanks to me for food.

GUSTAVE.

No other message?

BABECAN.

No other message.

GUSTAVE.

Heaven reward thee, mother!

BABECAN.

Now, monsieur, haste thee to thy hiding place;
When every peril's past, that threatens us,
Thou mayest return.

GUSTAVE.

I go there;

[*In a whisper to* TONIE

Shall I, Tonie?

TONIE.

[*Hastily, in a whisper, aside.*

Trust in thy bride—fear not! I will protect thee!

GUSTAVE.

I trust and fear not—God is everywhere.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

TONIE *and* BABECAN.

BABECAN.

The reckless rascal! there he goes, believing
That he will soon retrace his eager steps!
His heart is filled with vain and foolish dreams,
Nor recks he that the sin-avenging gods,
Before their smoking shrines of sacrifice,
Stand ready, and await their victim. Ha!
Is this a sample of the Frenchmen's cunning?
Away, with the poor bunglers! Let them learn
The mercy of revenge from such as I,
Or pity from the traitors of Domingo!

TONIE.

[*Throwing herself at the feet of* BABECAN

Mother!

BABECAN.

What is the matter?

TONIE.

Mercy, mother!

BABECAN.

For whom?

TONIE.

For our poor guest! oh, doth thy bosom
Contain no feeling save revenge and hate?
By all that thou dost still revere as holy!
By all a mother's love for her own child!
By all the sacred things of earth and heaven!
Have mercy on the stranger! Wouldst thou kill
An innocent man, who never wronged us, mother?
Who pledged us hand and heart, in childlike trust?
Mother, by all thy hopes beyond the grave,
Have mercy on the stranger!

[TONIE *rises slowly, and stands, her head drooping, her hands covering her face.*

BABECAN.

Art thou mad?
Am I to lose the sweet reward of vengeance,
The luxury of a great revenge, because
A silly girl sheds tears? Am I to miss
A chance I've prayed for sixteen bitter years,
And which has come at last, because a child
Sobs at my feet, and idly whimpers "pity"?
Am I to din into thy ears forever
Thy mother's wrongs and thine? How thy vile father,
Whose infamy unfathomed hell itself
Can scarcely hope to compass, lured my heart,

While I, and thy dead guardian, lived in France?
Until I fell, the victim of his lust,
And thou wert born, the fruit of all my shame?
Did he not swear, before his courtly peers,
That thou wert not his child, nor any truth
In aught I said? Did they not drive me forth
With jeers and curses, as a perjured wench?
Am I to love thrice cursed France for this?
Nor seek to cleanse her stains from off my soul,
With the best blood that flows within her veins?
Hast thou become a craven at a time
When fate and fortune, with approving smile,
Stand ready for our purpose of revenge?
Away! prate not of mercy!

TONIE.

Mother! mother!
By the Almighty God that dwells above us;
Deprive me not of all the faith I have
In our humanity—the only bond
That binds me still to thee. Destroy me, mother,
But force me not, by any deed of thine,
That I, thy child, must curse the womb that bore me,
And execrate a mother's holy name!

BABECAN.

How darest thou? Tonie!

TONIE.

God forgive my words!
But we must now determine this between us—

[*She again throws herself at the feet of* BABECAN.

Behold me at thy feet! I clasp thy knees
In my soul's agony, and plead for mercy!
Blot not thy hands with blood, untimely shed;
The blood of innocence! From such libation
Will spring the germs of crime and deathless wrath!
Let mercy's heavenly harvest bloom instead;
Oh, force me not to loathe thee, and to hate
Her, whom in nature, I should love and honor!

BABECAN.

Silence, traitress! not another word,
If thou wouldst not have Conjo hear of this!

TONIE.

[*Rising slowly, and with dignity.*

Mother, I do not fear Hoango's wrath;
No earthly power can force me to submit;
Death has no terror for me in this cause;—
All that is dear to me—yea, life itself

Will I devote to save this fugitive—
He must, he *shall* be saved!

BABECAN.

[*With terrible calmness.*

Is *that* the cue?
Now, mark me, girl! 'Twill be no fault of mine
If thy dear protégé, when Conjo comes,
Shall be beyond all fear of further harm!

TONIE.

[*Aside, with subdued voice.*

My God! what can she mean? Oh, dreadful thought!
Beneath her mocking words lurk hints of murder!
(*Aloud.*) Well, mother, may the God of justice judge us!
I owe thee nothing more, for every bond
Of reverence or love is rent between us;
Adrift upon a shoreless sea of blood,
Thy sinful soul has doomed its own perdition;
I know thy foul, thy fiendish purpose well,—
I am thy child no more!

[*Exit hurriedly.*

BABECAN.—(*solus.*)

Was that my Tonie?
Can doves be changed to hawks? or lambs to lions?

Does "pity" fill her breast with so much rage?
Nay, it is something more! It is the glow,
The wild, mysterious agony of love!
Surely, the fellow must have won her heart,
And she intends to thwart my purpose,—well,
Who wins may laugh!

She walks to a closet, takes a paper filled with a white powder from her pocket, and proceeds to empty it into a number of jugs containing milk.

This silly love of Tonie's,
Perhaps, would interfere with all my plans;
I must be rid of her. Down in the cellar
There's room enough for scores of stubborn daughters.
Meanwhile, should Conjo come not in the course
Of a few hours, this conquering cavalier
Shall sip a potent poison with his milk;
His hungry comrades, waiting in the woods,
Shall have the balance; thus will I assist
My faithful friend, Hoango, and fill up
The measure of my vengeance to the brim!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another room in HOANGO'S *house, having but one door, and one window.* GUSTAVE *lying asleep upon a sofa in an alcove, with the curtain drawn aside.* TONIE *enters with a coil of rope in her hand. She trips lightly to the alcove.*

TONIE.

The seal of holy peace has closed his eyes;
How soft he slumbers! Busy fancy paints
Her fairy hues upon his dreaming soul—
Perhaps the shape that charms him is mine own,
Or weeping Love, distraught with woe and passion;
Sure, 'tis a witching dream that thralls his heart,
And wreathes his radiant face with smiles. Sleep
on!
My tremulous voice shall not disturb thy rest,
Or drag thee rudely from the fairy world
That canopies thy soul with golden skies!
Let fancy cheat him with her tale of peace,
While treason, even now, with stealthy pace
Makes busy preparation for his doom—
But let him sleep, for love is vigil keeping,
And when the moment comes in which to dare

His rescue, I will wake him. With this rope
To aid him, he can safely reach the ground,
Thence I will be his guide through secret paths,
And take him to his comrades at Cape Francois.

GUSTAVE.

[*Dreamily.*

Tonie! Tonie!

TONIE.

He sleeps so soundly, yet he calls my name—
Shall I awaken him? Yet, it were well
To counsel with him as to our escape—
I'll go and wake him; with a tender kiss
Will I recall him from the land of dreams—
A poor requital for the bliss he loses!

She stoops gently over GUSTAVE *to kiss him, but hearing an approaching noise, relinquishes her purpose, and listens attentively.*

What noise is that? Hark! Voices?

[*She hastens to the window.*

God of mercy!
Hoango, and his cut-throat band have come,
And with the loathsome crew I see my mother,
With tongue and busy gesture telling all!
A dreadful grin distorts his dusky face,
An open blade is glittering in his hand—
They come this way!—Hoango and his horde
Are in the house! and we are lost! Oh, heaven!

Is there no way at all for our escape?
Well, we will die together!—Let me think—
Heaven yet may help us—they are on the stairs—
I hear Hoango's raving—hold!—yes—yes!
Yes, that will do—thank God, the plan will save us!

TONIE takes the rope, and rapidly winding it around the body of GUSTAVE, and the sofa, ties him securely.

GUSTAVE.

[Awakening with a start.

What does this mean? What art thou doing, Tonie?

TONIE.

[With terrible emphasis.

Silence!

GUSTAVE.

[In a voice of suppressed agony.

I am betrayed!

TONIE.

[Drawing the curtain close.

Be still, I say;
If thou dost really love me, prove it now!

SCENE IV.

HOANGO *and* BABECAN *rush into the room. They are followed by two armed negroes, who stand at the door and guard it.*

HOANGO.

Where is the damned Frenchman? Where is he?
Infernal traitress! wench! hast thou betrayed us?
Girl, answer me! Has he escaped my clutches?
By all the fiends of hell! where has he gone?
Confess, or I will kill thee on the spot!

[*Takes hold of* TONIE'S *arm, and shakes her rudely.*

TONIE.

What does this mean, Hoango? Art thou mad?
Why this assault on me? What have I done?
What awful thing have they accused me of?

BABECAN.

Oh, shameless impudence!

HOANGO.

Didst thou not plan
The prisoner's escape, and aid him in it?

TONIE.

Thy rage has surely made thee blind, Hoango!

{*Going to the alcove, followed by* HOANGO *and* BABECAN, *she draws the curtain aside, disclosing* GUSTAVE *securely tied with ropes.*

Behold! and thank your Tonie for the deed!

BABECAN.

[*With intense surprise.*

What do I see?

HOANGO.

[*To* BABECAN.

What means this, woman?

[*Rushing on* GUSTAVE, *and brandishing his knife.*

Ha!

I'll cut thy heart out ere the sun shall set,
Dog! devil! Frenchmen!—How my hot blood boils!
At sight of one of thy accursed race!
Villain! prepare to die—thy doom has come!

GUSTAVE.

Jesu! must I be slain by these assassins?
Oh, Tonie! Tonie!

HOANGO.

[*Addressing* TONIE.

Speak! who did all this?
We thought the rascal had escaped us all,
And Babecan denounced thee as a traitress?

TONIE.

Touched by his gallant bearing, and his youth,
'Tis true, I did desire to save the stranger,

And so forgot my duty to my friends;
But as I came from mother's room to this,
Speeding along the hall, I chanced to linger
Before the proclamation of your chief,
Brave Dessalines, our dear Domingo's hope,
In which the General calls upon the people
To drive the foreign vipers from our soil,
So that our homes might all again be free!—
I read—and as I read my soul grew strong,
My heart recovered from its foolish blindness—
The sacred flame of freedom blazed anew!
I had abused thy trust, and wronged my mother—
This had I to undo, ere I could hope
To gain thy pardon, and my mother's love—
Nor did I hesitate. I found him sleeping;
Our prisoner's aim was to escape to-night—
I took these cords, and bound him as he lay—
If still ye think I am deserving censure
Rail on—by heaven, methinks 'twas neatly done!

HOANGO.

Bravo, my girl! The color of thy skin
Has not impaired thy cunning, or thy heart;
In both thou dost resemble thy good mother.
How sayest thou, Babecan? Is it not so?

BABECAN.

Conjo, I cannot comprehend the girl!
Hadst thou but seen and heard her—

HOANGO.

Never mind!

[*Turning to one of the guards.*

Away, D'Almara! bring our comrades hither
Tell them their captain bids them come at once,
Prepared for rifle practice, and the target
Shall be this fellow's heart, at twenty paces.

[*Addressing the other guard.*

Loan me thy rifle, Omar!

[*He aims the gun at* GUSTAVE.

TONIE.

[*Rushing between* HOANGO *and* GUSTAVE.

Hold! Hoango!

[HOANGO *endeavors to push her aside.*

To kill him now were a most foolish deed—
Hold! in the name of liberty! nor thwart
The happy issue of a wiser plan.

HOANGO.

What? wouldst thou save the villain's life?
Away!
And let me drive this bullet through his heart.

TONIE.

[*Grasping the rifle.*

Halt! in the name of freedom and Domingo!

A single foeman slain must not suffice us.
Wouldst thou allow his comrades to escape?
Nay! rather grant him life until to-morrow;
Demand of him a message to his friends,
Who wait his coming at the lake of Gulls,
Bidding them come with speed, as all is well;
A written line or two is all that's needed
To make them rush, like quails, into a trap;
Once in our dwelling thou canst butcher them
Without the least of danger to thyself—
Remember, Conjo, these are desperate men!

HOANGO.

Yes, thy advice is good, and I will take it—
What sayest thou, Babecan?

BABECAN.

I deem it wrong
Thus to delay our guerdon of revenge,
But thou art master here, and shalt decide.

HOANGO.

Be it as Tonie says!

TONIE.—(*Aside.*)

Oh, God be prai ed!

HOANGO.

D'Almara tell our men they now may rest;
Our labors, for to-day, are done. Remember,

They must be ready at the peep of dawn
For other work.

[*To* GUSTAVE.

And thou, young whelp, prepare
To face thy fate—to-morrow thou shalt die!
This bullet, here, shall speed thy soul to hell!

GUSTAVE.

Oh, slay me now! Be merciful for once!
I am a white man—and Domingo's foe—
Why still delay? Oh, kill me! Pierce this heart
That she, with wanton cruelty, has broken—
Oh, Tonie! Tonie!

TONIE.

[*Aside, in a voice of deep emotion.*

Heaven, he deems me false!

HOANGO.

Thy groan of pain is music to my ears;
I know no sweeter sounds in all the world
Than the death-frenzy of mine enemies!
It seems thy life is torture? Thou wouldst die?
Then live until to-morrow's sun shall rise,
And let me gloat upon thy misery!

[*Addressing one of the guards.*

Do not allow this Frenchman to escape;
Should he attempt it, shoot him like a dog.

[*Addressing* BABECAN *and* TONIE.

Come, I am hungry; give me food and drink;
We had a long but lucky raid to-day;
I've much to tell ye.

[*Exit with* BABECAN.

TONIE.

[*Lingering behind, approaches the alcove and in a low voice in passing.*

Put thy trust in Heaven!
For love shall triumph, and thy bonds be riven.

[*Exit.*

The Curtain Falls.

ACT III.

A forest scene. A lagoon in the back ground. In the foreground arms stacked, and various military accoutrements lying about. Col. STROMLY, EDUARD, ADOLPH, FERDINAND, *and four privates, all in uniform resting in various postures. At the rear of the stage a sentinel paces to and fro.*

STROMLY.

And still no message! Can it be that Gustave
Has lost his way? Sure, it cannot be far
From here to Cape Francois, and when he left
He said that he would speedily return—
I can not comprehend this strange delay.

ADOLPH.

Perhaps he waits the friendly shades of night;
The roads are thronged with bands of roving negroes;
We dare not run the risk of being seen.

FERDINAND.

We ought to know the enemy's position;
I think, therefore, it is advisable

For one of us to trace these forest paths,
And find an outlet westward, where the clearing
Allows an ample view.

EDUARD.

Let me go, father.

STROMLY.

The plan is good, but to insure success
Requires experience; I will go myself.

ADOLPH.

Nay, father, nay! We will not let thee risk
Thy precious life upon a task like this!
'Tis ours by all the holy ties of nature;
We, as thy sons, refuse the sacrifice.

EDUARD.

What Adolph says is true. I'll try my luck!
To lose thee, father, were to lose all hope;
While, should I perish, ye may still escape.

FERDINAND.

Father, remain.

ADOLPH.

Let Eduard try it, father!

STROMLY.

Well, children, be it so. Eduard, my son,
Seek to the westward, with a cautious foot,
This gloomy forest's nearest boundary,

There reconnoitre skillfully, and find
The enemy's position, if you can.
Farewell! my own, my dear, heroic boy—
God bless thee!

[*Embraces him.*

EDUARD.

Father, brothers! fare ye well! Heaven grant
That I may soon return with joyful news.

STROMLY.

Shouldst thou not find us here on thy return,
Look for us at the next plantation, Eduard;
Thou knowest the way. Farewell, sir!

EDUARD.

Au revoir!

[*Exit.*

STROMLY.

A brave boy, that!—My children, did ye dream
So rich a mine of manhood's sterling gold
Lay hid beneath that gay disguise of his?
Oh, what a blessing is a virtuous child!
It is the fairest gift that heaven can give us!
In truth, I know, no matter how I fare,
That I am wealthy in the honest love,
The faithful friendship of my gallant sons!

FERDINAND.

Father, in praising us dost thou forget
Our noble cousin Gustave's greater claim
Upon thy generous heart? The bravest man
That ever drew a sword in honor's cause
Or made his breast a bulwark for his friends,
On the red fields of Mars!—Ye well remember
'Twas he who, single handed, clove the foe,
And twice, my father, saved thine honored life
Upon that bloody day at Fort Dauphin

STROMLY.

By Jove! he fights as doth become a Swiss,
The brave descendant of great Winkelried;
Indeed, he is a friend most true and gallant,
Whom, like a son, I love with proud affection.
May heaven preserve him to our grateful hearts.

THE SENTINEL.

I see a woman hurrying down the path;
In rapid flight she comes this way.

STROMLY.

A negress?

SENTINEL.

A white girl, Colonel. She detects me now—
She beckons—and increases her wild speed.

STROMLY.

What can she want with us? Be ready, boys!

All rise, and hasten in the direction of the sentinel. Enter TONIE *with dishevelled hair, and nearly breathless.*

TONIE.

Are ye from Fort Dauphin? Yes, ye are Frenchmen!
Thank God, I am with friends!

STROMLY.

What wouldst thou, girl?

TONIE.

To arms! to arms! No moment must be lost,
For life or death depends upon your speed!
If there be love and courage in your hearts,
Away, away! he dies within an hour—
Detain me not with questions—save him! save him!

ADOLPH.

What dreadful fate impends!

STROMLY.

Explain thyself!
Who needs assistance? Whom are we to save?

TONIE.

Your daring comrade, Gustave!—Hasten! hasten!

STROMLY.

Ha! Gustave?—Heavenly Father!

FERDINAND.

Hapless friend!

ADOLPH.

Woman! can he be saved? What is the ransom?
Quick, tell us quick! What can be done to save
him?

TONIE.

He is a captive in Hoango's hands;
To-day they would have slain him; but my cunning
Gained a short respite for him. I depend
Upon your aid to help me in his rescue;
Thus far hath heaven smiled upon my task.
Now, follow me at once, and he is saved!
I'll guide ye to a postern, which will give us
Admittance to the garden, and the court-yard;
The negroes, in their huts are sound asleep,
Nor reck of coming danger. All their arms
Are stacked around the yard. A few nails driven
Deftly between the latches of their doors,
Prevent their egress. With our captive friend
Once in our midst, by old, familiar paths
I'll take ye safely to Cape Francois. Come!

Why will ye linger thus? Or can it be
Ye are afraid to risk your lives for him?

STROMLY.

Children, away! Our Gustave must be saved,
Though we should perish in the brave attempt!
We owe this duty to our sacred honor,
And love demands our noblest sacrifice—
A coward, he who longer would delay!

TONIE.

Give me a sword! The flashing steel inspires
The heart to daring deeds! My spirit thrills
With god-like inspiration! Love has nerved
My woman's hand with the resistless power
Which plucks the starry crowns that heroes wear!

[ADOLPH *gives her a sword and pistols. These she fastens in her girdle.*

Death? Death? what is it? 'Tis the crown of life,
If but our lives be true, and brave and noble!
The coward fears to die; exalted souls
Have higher aims than life alone, to live for.
Such, O, my friends, be ours. Then, follow me,
In God we trust, and love is victory!

ALL.

[*Brandishing their swords.*

In God we trust, and love is victory!

[*Exit rapidly.*

SCENE II.

The room used at the end of Act II. GUSTAVE *pacing to and fro; his arms pinioned. An armed negro guarding the door.*

GUSTAVE.—(*solus.*)

Avaunt! perfidious image of my dreams!
Hoping against all hope, my heart still grasps
At phantoms of the air. Avaunt, I say!
Was ever such a deed of shame! A woman
Feigns every dear, bewitching test of love,
Aping the holiest feelings of the soul,
And then, within her lover's very arms,
Conceives a horrid plot for his destruction!
Oh, Tonie! Tonie! and couldst *thou* do this?
Thou? for whose sake I gladly would have died!
Ah, couldst thou harbor in thy breast a crime
So foul, so vile as this?—It can not be;
Nay, nay! The scope of such a direful shame
Would stretch beyond the bounds of human nature,
And, like the universe, be limitless!
To such a lofty peak of villainy
No mortal woman ever dared to climb!

Could such things be, forsooth, 'twere perilous
To lavish fondness on a turtle dove;
The perfume of the lily would be poison;
A lamb, the symbol of inhuman hate,
And hell were fairer than the courts of heaven!
Nay, Tonie, nay! Thy happy innocence
Was no disguise, assumed but to decieve me;
No viper in the roses of thy lips
Lies curled, to taint their honey-dew with poison!
Thy parting words came from a faithful heart—
I cannot understand, but I will trust thee!

HOANGO.

[*Entering, addresses the sentinel.*

Go down into the yard, and there await me;
The prisoner needs no guard; he dies to-day!

[*Exit sentinel.*

Turning to GUSTAVE.]

Well, stranger! art thou pleased with San Domingo?
How dost thou like our hospitality?
We treat you fellows kindly, do we not?
Ha! ha! ha!

GUSTAVE.

For shame! To mock a prisoner!

HOANGO.

Egad! 'tis all that thou deservest, Frenchman!
Did not thy wretched, boastful race declare
That we, despised, degraded blacks would fall
Like leaves before the whirling hurricane,
Should we but dare to raise our hands against you,
Or fail to serve you like submissive slaves?
Nay, hell and fury! do it if ye can!
Ye shall not and ye can not conquer us—
No foreign foot must desecrate our soil!
Thou and thy people are foredoomed to perish;
Thine, and thy comrades' blood, a sweet libation,
We pour upon the altars of our gods—
Talk not of mercy!

GUSTAVE.

Have I asked for mercy?
Our fathers sowed the wrong—we reap the fruits;
The innocent do suffer for the guilty—
So goes the world! If thou wouldst murder me,
Why, do it, and so spare thy idle boasting,
O, brave assassin of defenceless men!

HOANGO.

We care not for the rules and grace of war,
With which ye cut each other's throats in Europe;
That is the game of kings—we are but slaves.

Extermination, utter and complete,
To every white wretch living in Domingo,
Has been our motto, and shall ever be!
The white man's rule is only fit for slaves,
And Hayti must be free!

The report of a musket shot is heard. Another follows in quick succession; HOANGO, *in great excitement.*

Ha! where was that?

BABECAN.

[Rushing into the room with a wild scream.

Hoango! help! help! help! We are betrayed!
A troop of Frenchmen have attacked the house!
Thy men have been imprisoned in their huts—
O, hasten, Conjo, ere it be too late!
Let thy strong arm disperse the knaves!

GUSTAVE.—(*Aside.*)

Kind heaven!
They are my comrades; generous, noble friends,
May God reward the gallant deed!

HOANGO.

[Who has rushed to the window, and is looking out of it.

Damnation!
The Frenchmen have possession of the yard—
May swift perdition seize the yelling hounds!

BABECAN.

I hear their footsteps on the stairs! They come!
Oh, save us ere it be too late, Hoango!

HOANGO.

[*Brandishing his sabre rushes upon* GUSTAVE.

Die, villain! Thou, at least, shalt not rejoice
At my defeat!

{*As* HOANGO *is aiming a blow at* GUSTAVE'S *head,* TONIE, *pistol in hand, rushes into the room, and perceiving* GUSTAVE'S *danger, fires at* HOANGO, *who falls mortally wounded.*

Damnation! I am shot!

GUSTAVE.

[*With a gesture of intense surprise.*

Tonie!

TONIE.

Gustave!

{*She rushes to* GUSTAVE, *cuts the thongs that bind him, and they embrace.*

BABECAN.—(*Aside.*)

Oh, that I were dead!

{*Colonel* STROMLY, FERDINAND, ADOLPH *and their companions rush into the room.*

STROMLY.

My son!

GUSTAVE.

Dear friends and comrades, I am free!

STROMLY.

Thank heaven, and yonder smiling angel!

GUSTAVE.

Tonie!

My brave and darling girl! My trust in thee,
Thank God, was not in vain; and though I failed
To comprehend, in full, thy peerless nature,
Yet did I hope.

STROMLY.

[*Pointing at the body of* CONJO HOANGO.

Is this the famous Conjo?
Who slew the monster?

GUSTAVE.

Tonie's steady hand
Speeded the fatal bullet through his heart,
As, blind with rage and hate, he drew his sword
To strike me dead!

STROMLY.

Her courage shames our own!
Twice hath she saved thee from destruction, Gustave.

TONIE.

Walks slowly up to BABECAN, *who stands, with averted face, in the rear of the group muttering; she touches her with her hand.*

Oh, mother curse us not! I could not help it!

BABECAN.

Away, ungrateful wretch! and touch me not!
If curses are as deathless as my hate,

Be the eternity of hell thy portion!
Go with these knaves, thou traitress! and forget
Thy wronged, thy outcast mother, and her shame;
But mark me! ye shall not escape my wrath—
A phantom of ineffable despair,
Of woe and vengeance unappeasable,
My ghost shall haunt ye, wheresoe'er ye go!
The grass shall wither neath your feet, the skies
Shall drop a blighting poison on your heads,
Your children shall be——

TONIE.

[*Struggling to place her hand on* BABECAN'S *mouth.*

Mother! mother! hush!

BABECAN.

[*Thrusting* TONIE *aside violently.*

Away! ye cannot triumph over me—
Thus Babecan defies her foes!

{*Suiting the action to the words,* BABECAN *plunges a dagger, which she had hidden in her clothing, into her breast, and falls.*

TONIE.

[*With a scream drops upon her mother's body.*

My mother!

{*All rush to the spot, and* GUSTAVE *attempts to raise* BABECAN'S *head; while doing so, the latter makes a feeble attempt to stab him, and with a groan, expires.*

GUSTAVE.

[*Endeavoring to raise* TONIE *tenderly from her mother's corpse.*

Tonie!

STROMLY.

Disturb her not, but let her weep!
Such tears become her true and loving heart;
With them she buries what was once her mother!

EDUARD.

[*Hastily entering the room.*

Father! brothers! comrades all, good news!
Tidings of joy to crown your victory!
'Twas grand—I know it all! But hear me friends,
The enemy is moving to the west,
At some point concentrating all his forces,
The highway is deserted; we can reach
Cape Francois unmolested by to-night;
The forest stretches nearly to the city;
A path, which I discovered in my scout,
Will take us straightway to Fort Rochambeau.

STROMLY.

My hand, brave boy, for thy most welcome tidings!
We taste the sweet fruition of our hopes;
Let us away, my friends! One effort more,
And soon our happy homes beyond the sea,
Will greet us once again, where we may rest,
Safe from the carnage, and the toils of war.

GUSTAVE.

[*Raising* TONIE *and fondly embracing her.*

Come, Tonie, come! To thee I owe my life—
To thee will I devote it. Follow me!
Be my companion to love's blissful shores;
Beneath the shelter of her blissful bowers
Shall angels crown us with immortal flowers,
The happy guerdon of our constancy.

TONIE.

[*Weeping and resting her head upon* GUSTAVE'S *shoulder.*

Saved, Gustave, saved! Thou art forever mine!
'Tis all I ask—

STROMLY.

[*Approaching them, and joining their hands.*

For earth and heaven are thine!

[*Addressing the audience.*

See! love and faith have gained the victory—
"Trust God and fear not" shall their motto be!

The Curtain Falls.

WILD FLOWERS.

GREETING.

The brook, whose music charms the dell,
Wakes, in our dreaming minds,
An echo of the nobler shell
The mighty Sea-god winds;

So may my harp, though faint and rude
The music of its strings,
Wake echoes of the True and Good
Of which the Master sings.

The Queen of Spring, who twines the rose
Around her golden-locks,
Smiles on the crocus in the snows,
The violet by the rocks;

Thus, though no rose of Poesy
Be in the wreath I wind,
I, in its place, would tender thee
These Wild Flowers of the mind.

WILD FLOWERS.

VOICES OF THE SPRING.

FIRST VOICE.

OVER the mountains and over the dells,
Glory is breaking;
Melody sweeter than murmur of bells,
Softly is waking.

SECOND VOICE.

Fountains leap,
Rivers sweep,
Singing to the smiling main.

THIRD VOICE.

Torrent rills
Shake the hills,
Brooks with silver braid the plain.

FOURTH VOICE.

Whence cometh this bliss of earth and sea?
Who calleth this sweet joy forth?
Whose power hath bidden the winter to flee?
What fairy queen ruleth the earth?

FIFTH VOICE.

The Spring!

CHORUS.

Hail, beautiful Spring!

THE WIND SPIRIT.

My pinions, fledged on southern seas,
And bright with dews, o'er the world I wave;
I waft the sweet sound of trumpeting bees,
I fondle the flowers, I toy with the trees;
With shout and with laughter
I follow swift after
Coy Echo, and chase her afar from her cave.
I whistle in the tree-tops,
I sigh amid the grass;
I breathe in artless lovers' ears
Sweet fancies as they pass;
I scatter fragrance, and I bear
The cloud-shaped wonders of the air
Through heaven upon my viewless wings;
The woodland's holy hush I break
With chime of lily-bells, or wake
The mighty pine-harp's sad, sonorous strings;
I do it with love, I do it with fear—

CHORUS.

Because the Spring, the queen of earth, is here.

THE RAIN SPIRIT.

From the rose's and the violet's lip,
And the chalice of nameless blooms, that dip,
Their tresses bright in the meadow rills;
From the lake that lies in the pathless hills;
From gulf and bay, and rolling river,
And from the sea—
The moon-chained sea,
The blind, black monster that moaneth forever—
I gather the showers that nourish the flowers,
And water the woods, and ripen the fruits,
And woo sweet grain from the throbbing plain.

CHORUS.

The rain! the rain! sing the Rain,
And bless the merry spring-time that bringeth it again!

THE SUN.

Nearer to earth, nearer to earth and her people,
Spring's irresistible power, my chariot hath drawn;
Brighter the flame, flashing from tower and steeple,
Marking my going at twilight, my coming at

Lovelier the clouds, laughingly seeking to shroud me,
Bluer the firmament where in my glory I move,
Fairer the scenes gliding beneath and around me,
Moving to music supernal, and vocal with love.

THE MOON.

Not like one by darkness overtaken
In a trackless desert, tempest shaken—
Lonely, crazed, by every hope forsaken—
'Round the world I speed;
For the winter storms have furled their banners;
Broken are their spears; the horrid clangors
When their mailéd legions meet—
Death and darkness, snow and sleet—
Now no longer bid me flee
Ghostly over land and sea;
But on eternal wings of fire
Majestic stars around me nightly sweep,
While I with sound of silver lyre,
Guide Love to earth, and lull the lids of Sleep.

A VOICE.

The groves, the streams, the leaping rills,
The budding meads and radiant hills,
The reedy pool, the sounding sea,
Their joy and beauty owe to thee.

CHORUS.

Praise to the Spring for this! and the immortal bliss
That, murmuring, from the skyey fountain flows,
When Night unveils her star-bright loveliness,
And angel-whispers lull the world to sweet repose.

THE SPRING.

Spirits and voices of air, of earth and of sea
Glory to God be given, but not unto me;
Out of the fathomless depths of His infinite soul
Limitless cycles of ages eternally roll;
Backward and forward they sweep, from darkness to light,
Swayed by the breath of His mouth, and the arm of His might.
I am a drop in a measureless ocean of years,
Only an atom, adrift in the light of the spheres.
Out of the world and its music forever I pass,
Trackless, and swift as the glinting of sun-litten grass;
All that I am in beauty, in glory and power,
Is but the perishing dust of a perishing hour.
For blessings thank me not—
God is the giver!

Ephemeral is my lot,
I go—and am forgot;
The Lord of heaven and earth will reign forever!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND VOICES.

The Lord of heaven and earth shall reign forever!
Let heaven and earth in worship blended be;
Strike thy sweet harp of song, majestic river!
Peal out, ye thunders of the mighty sea!
Ye peaks! that pierce the clouds with golden lances;
Ye fiery serpents of the tempest skies!
Ye plains! through which the mountain torrent dances;
Ye forests! full of holy mysteries;
Ye clouds! ye everlasting orbs of fire!
Awake! and join the universal choir.

A VOICE.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and all that dwell therein."

CHORUS.

Hearken, all ye people! sound His praise in sweet accord!
Wheresoever dwell His creatures, be the Holy One adored!

FIRST VOICE.

In the shrines that tell His glory feed the everlasting flame!

SECOND VOICE.

Lord Jehovah, halleluja!

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! to Thy name!

TO A MOCKING BIRD

SWEET bird! that from yon dancing spray
Dost warble forth thy varied lay,
From early morn to close of day
  Melodious changes singing,
Sure, thine must be the magic art
That bids my drowsy fancy start,
While from the furrows of my heart
  Hope's fairy flowers are springing.

As changeful as the sounds thy throat
Sets on the charméd winds afloat,
Till valleys near and hills remote
  Attest thy peerless powers,
Have been to me the sights and scenes,
The cloudy thoughts and starry dreams,
The winter and the summer gleams
  Of life's ephemeral hours.
But all thy sad or merry lays,
Sweet bird! in thy Creator's praise

Thou pourest from the trembling sprays,
  With love's delicious art;

Thus, too, will I, whate'er my fate—
In sorrow prone, or joy elate—
To God my being dedicate,
  And give to Him my heart.

EVENING BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MEISSNER.

Oh, silent sea! at rest
  Beneath the evening star,
How soothing to my breast
  Thy holy breathings are!

The heart forgets again
  The cares that rack and burn;
Its sorrow and its pain
  To music softly turn.

Yet through the musing mind
  Some pallid woe may flee—
As glides before the wind
  Yon sail across the sea!

CHRISTMAS.

I.

From palace to the peasant hut,
  From mountain to the sea,
When heirs of kings are born, resounds
  The nation's jubilee!
From Ind. to isles of Arctic seas,
  The gladsome tidings ring,
And all the lands, with hymn and harp,
  Proclaim the infant King!

II.

    Purple banners flaunt in air,
    Cannons boom, and trumpets blare;
    In the steeples, far and near,
    Bravely loud, or softly clear,
    Merry bells on living wing
    Seem to flutter, soar and sing!
      The roar and shouts
Of revel-making cities cleave the clouds;
        The twilight haze
Glows with the flick'ring bonfire's lurid blaze;
And, on the stellar deeps of ambient air,
Their crests of rainbow light the rockets rear.

III.

But when, from Eden-bowers descending,
  The glory of the Godhead came,
And all the harps of heaven were blending
  Hosannas to Jehovah's name;
When, twixt the sky and earth, the gleaming
  Of seraph pinions lit the night,
And Bethle'm's star, sublimely beaming,
  Declared the Lord to prophet's sight,
No herald trumpet's loud fanfaring,
  No thunder peal of festal gun,
No kingly banners' golden flaring,
  No martial plume, no rack of drum,
No chime of bells, no incense cloudward roll'd,
The solemn birthday of the Saviour told!

IV.

They found him in his manger-cradle sleeping,
  The holy Son of God—in mortal guise;
A child of earth, foredoom'd to woe and weeping,
  And yet a King—the Prince of earth and skies!
No silken robe, no jewel'd cestus 'twined him,
  No lulling strains of music charm'd his ear,
Yet all the glory of the world enshrined him!
  And all the singing hosts of heaven were near!

V.

They heard it not, the angel anthem:
  "Glory to God! good will to man!"
That through the spirit-realms of ether
  In bursts of tremulous rapture ran;
They saw it not, the awful splendor
  Through Zion's golden streets that pour'd,
When erst the herald trumps of Heaven
  Proclaimed the coming of the Lord!

VI.

Unheeded were the voices
  Of prophets, and of seers,
Who read the wond'rous omens
  Of the unfolding years,
And, with celestial visions raptur'd, strove
To teach the purpose of Almighty Love.
For earth was dark, and blindness
  Had sealed the souls of men;
The night of baleful ages
  Begirt, and burden'd them;
No starry ray serene the darkness broke,
To light the heart with Heaven's immortal hope.

VII.

Hallelujah to God! for the tidings that came
When seraphs descended on Bethlehem's plain,
And low, in a manger, the Holy One lay:
"Who taketh the sins of the world away"!

VIII.

To the Lord of Sabaoth! the Heavenly King!
Let the sweet harp of Zion eternally ring!
The Light of the world that came down from the skies,
Dispelling the gloom of our mortal eyes.

IX.

The crucified Jesus! for sinners slain;
The Godhead, whose glory the heavens proclaim!
The Friend of the lowly! the guide of the lost,
The Father! the Son! and the Holy Ghost!

X.

Then let the voice of nations
In choral hymns aspire!
Wake in His Holy temples
The Spirit's sacred fire!
In homage of the dawning
Of earth's divinest day,
When in the stall at Bethlehem
The infant Jesus lay!

GRADUATING HYMN.

With yearning hearts we turn to gaze
  On paths our feet have lately trod,
That lead, in wisdom's flowery maze,
  "Through nature up to nature's God";
How wide the pleasing prospect lies!
  A fairy realm of boundless scope,
Where Life, beneath unclouded skies,
  Lies dreaming in the lap of Hope.

And now, with slow, reluctant hand
  We drop the curtain of the past,
And glide from childhood's golden strand
  Into an ocean, dim and vast—
A sea, whose solemn billows chime
  The music of supernal spheres,
And holds within its breast sublime,
  The garnered treasure of the year.

O Thou, to whom creation pays
  Eternal homage! grant us still

Thy loving care in all our ways,
  And guide us by Thy holy will;
Teach us the wisdom of the skies,
  The lore, from guile and error free,
By which the spirit gains the prize
  Of blissful immortality!

BEAUTIFUL STAR OF EVENING.

SERENADE SONG.

I.

Beautiful star! whose golden beams
Kindle the light of lovers' dreams;
Fairest of jewels that gem the skies—
Beautiful Star of Evening, rise!
Over the brim,
Distant and dim,
Of the faintly-sighing sea,
Soft as a kiss,
Brimful of bliss,
Murmuring westwinds herald thee.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Star of Evening, rise!
Bless with thy beams our longing eyes;
Crown with thy light our trysting tree—
Beacon of Love! we wait for thee.

II.

Beautiful star! thy presence brings
Beauty and peace, on holy wings;
Under the spell of thy blissful beam
Time is an angel's fairest dream!
Waiting for thee,
Over the lea
Summer fays, in mazy roats
Merrily trip,
Seeking to sip
Dew from the blooming sun-set clouds.

CHORUS.

Beautiful Star of Evening, rise!
Bless with thy beams our longing eyes;
Crown with thy light our trysting tree—
Beacon of Love! we wait for thee.

III.

Beautiful star! the nightingale
Deep in the gloom of grove and dale,
Voiceless flutters from bough to bough,
Waiting the glint of thy golden brow;
Even so we,
Dreaming of thee,
Wait to see thy sacred flame

Beaming delight
Over the night,
Waiting the voice of Love's sweet pain!

CHORUS.

Beautiful Star of Evening, rise!
Bless with thy beams our longing eyes;
Crown with thy light our trysting tree—
Beacon of Love! we wait for thee.

VIOLETS.

Visible spirits of light and hope!
  Beautiful bairns of the sky!
Bless'd be the elfin, whose music broke
  The sleep of your azure eye,
When first the sighing south-wind woke,
    And spring was nigh.

Morning-star heralds of dawning spring!
  Sprites of the young years' dream!
Not in the clamorous city's din—
  The realm of the Titon, steam—
Your fragrance scents the zephyr's wing
    Your bright eyes beam;

In the deep shadow of woodland glens;
  On the bright brink of the rills;
Decking with azure and golden chains
  The breasts of the royal hills—
'Tis there ye sweetest charm the sense,
    Fair miracles!

Hidden, like pearls in the ocean caves,
  Slowly your beauties expand;
Dreaming, though wildly the winter wind raves,
  Of spring, and her magic wand,
Whose touch can change a waste of graves
    To Fairy-land!

GLOOM AND GLORY.

All without is dark and dreary,
  And against my window pane
Sadly, like a spirit weary
  Of its purgatorial chain,
  Taps the ghastly autumn rain.

On the dark, dead moor are crawling
  Cloud-shapes, cold and serpentine;
Dense the with'ring leaves are falling;
  And from out the tarn's green slime
  Rings the crane's threnodic rhyme.

In the air the tempest poises,
  Ruin on his whirring wings;
Birds have hushed their blithsome voices;
  And the naiads of the springs
  Rend their wild harps' sweetest strings.

Forests robed in faded glory
  Moan, and chide the sunless day;
Rivers hasten on before me

Into darkness; far away
Glide the sea waves, ashen gray;

For the summer's heart is broken,
Crushed, and crownless now she lies;
Earth's majestic harp hath woken
Requiem strains and symphonies;
Heaven in sorrow drapes the skies.

Ah, ye ghostly glooms about me!
Chilling rain, and blurring blast!
How your dreadful shadows shroud me,
Drag me down, and chain me fast
To the foul, accursed specter of the past!

Who careth for rain, for the ghostly rain
That the sad, bleak autumn bringeth?
Or the cry of pain in the tempest's strain?
Or the knell that the forest ringeth?
Let nature tear her golden hair,
And winnow with phantom wings the air,
And utter her cries till the pitying skies
Grow sad, and unveil not their radiant eyes!
Why care for the death of the fair?
Why care for the glory, that passeth
With the beautiful summer away,

And is lost, like the voice of the river,
Rushing by with its billows gray?

If the heart hath its summer within it
Need it care for the winter without?
Need the soul, lit with sunlight infinite,
Fear the gloom of a passing cloud?

A cheerful heart in sorrow,
A happy soul in death;
A life whose fairest crowning
Is love, and hope, and faith:
These are things which are fairer than weather
Wherein basketh the lush rose of June,
More sweet than the honey of heather!
More rare than the Nightingale's tune!
Nor miss we the music of summer
If Heaven's sabbath-harp, in our breast
We can wake, from its passionless rest,
To soothe the rapt soul into slumber,
With golden-rhymed dreams without number
Of the fair summer-land of the blest!

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

By the river's silent waters
  Oft I sit in lonely woe,
  And I measure by the flow
Of the weary waves, the moments
  Since we parted long ago.

Of thee alone I ponder
  My own, my only love!
When, aimless, forth I wander
  Through field, and dell, and grove.

At every murmur
  Among the branches,
At every pinion
  That whirrs and glances,
How throbs my heart
With hope again!
  But when for days and weeks
  My spirit waits and seeks—
How deep the pain!

TO CARL S. H.

ONE YEAR OLD.

Bright as the ocean's glancing spray,
  When full-orbed shines the cloudless moon;
Blithe as the linnet's winsome lay
  Among the golden groves of June;

Fair as the lily-wreathed elves,
  Who shy from tarn and fountain peep;
Pure as the pearl the diver delves
  From Ceylon's coral-circled deep;

So bright and blithe, so pure and fair,
  And graced with light and loveliness,
But, ah, a thousand times more dear!
  Sweet child! thou seemest unto us.

Since love's celestial law decreed
  O'er mind and heart that thou shouldst reign,
Twelve moons have tracked with silver feet,
  The starry paths of heaven again;

Four seasons, circling grandly slow
  Around the glory-giving sun,
Have kindled earth with beauty's glow,
  Or bade its days of darkness come;

But who would note the season's change,
  Or stop to count Time's flying hours,
If that they leave us in their range
  Memorials of their kinder powers;

Some germ, or bud, or blossom blown
  On breath of angels from the skies,
That give to cottage, or to throne,
  The redolence of paradise.

Dear Carl! thy merry tongue, whose chimes
  Like ringing fountains woo the ear,
Thy tiny footsteps' pleasant rhymes,
  Have marked for us the parted year;

And what or dark or bright hath been
  By heaven apportioned as our share,
Lost in thy smile its gloomy mien,
  Or through thy presence seemed more fair.

Thank God for this! thank God for all!
  It is enough to know that He,

Who marks the sparrow's silent fall,
  Will give his dearer love to thee—

A love that will forever wake
  To guide, and watch thy onward way,
A love that never will forsake
  Thy brightest or thy darkest day!

IDA.

LIKE the music-breathing motion
Of some odor-haunted ocean
  In the golden orient,
Where the swift sails' silken gleaming
May affright the mermaid, dreaming
  On the waters scintillant,

Moves thy form of airy lightness,
Through the world, in starry brightness,
  Every gesture breathing grace,
While the sighing breezes woo thee,
And the roses veil their beauty
  In the presence of thy face.

Lustrous are thy twining tresses,
And thy shyly-fond caresses,
  When thou bendest over me,
Wreathe them round my pallid temples
With a wavey light, that trembles
Soft as star-shine on the sea.

Rose of beauty! Wondrous being!
May the hand of the All-seeing
Ever keep thee as thou art,—
In thy spirit-glory, rarer,
And in glowing graces fairer,
Than a dream of poet's heart!

BEATRICE.

SUMMER AIR! Summer air! Soft is thy breathing,
  Sweet as the sighing of love's rosy mouth;
Bringing, on pinion of velvet, kind greeting
  Fresh from the heart of the odorous south;
    Fragrance magnolian,
    Music æolian,
Heralds thy presence, oh, golden-tongued sprite!
Leads out my heart to thee, blessed and holy one,
Ravishing soul of the star-litten night!

Summer air! Summer air! is it the dripping,
  Silver-clear dripping of dew-drops I hear?
Or are the echoes of angel feet, tripping
  Earthward from star to star, haunting my ear?
    Spirit invisible!
    Wonderful miracle!
Memnon-tongued fay of the star-litten night!
Tell me, ah! truly tell, whether siderial
Spirits invisible round us do glide?

Summer air! Summer air! thou growest chilly,
  Vexing my soul with inodorous gloom—
Lo! in her cerements, pallid and stilly,
  Floating with stony stare under the moon,
    Hither a maiden fair
    Drifts, on the starry air,
Floating away to the Stygian wave;—
Oh, thou sad summer air! why do thy pinions bear
Mem'ries of love's despair—ghosts from the grave?

DREAMS.

Oh, happy dreams of by-gone hours!
  Oh, smiling hopes, now dead and cold!
Despoiling time of half his flowers,
  And changing dross to shining gold!
How sweetly still the merry chimes,
  Which rang your balmy birth-morn in,
Steal through the chords, and mould the rhymes
  Of memory's vesper hymn!

So glory flames from mountain tops
  When misty darkness veils the lea,
And Night her silver anchor drops
  Into the waveless western sea;
So tender echo still inspires
  The harp's sweet chords with music's thrill,
Though the loved hand that touched the wires,
  In death lies cold and still.

Oh, sun-bright youth! how swiftly steals
  Thy vernal glory from the heart,

And manhood's lengthening shade reveals
  The mocking phantom that thou art!
  Oh, soaring, ringing, dawn-light dreams!
Whose song and beauty filled the skies,
  Why have you dropped your golden wings,
And closed your radiant eyes?

As snow-flakes melt, and blossoms wither,
  As night succeeds the glowing day,
So hopes that smile, and dreams that glitter,
  In gloom and sadness pass away;
And like a "wounded life" we creep
  Where earth's bewildering pathways wind.
Till in the grave's untroubled sleep,
  Sweet rest and peace we find.

CANZONET.

Oh, the sweet witchery of thine eyes
  No more prevails, no more prevails!
In lifeless swoon my spirit lies,
As under joyless winter skies
  The life of summer dales.

Oh, once thy golden month did breathe
  In tones so sweet, in tones so low,
My spirit bloomed thy spell beneath
As flowers bloom, upon the heath
  When sunny May winds blow!

But golden mouth, and witching eyes,
  Have lost their spell, have lost their spell!
Since on the sweet lip poison lies,
And treason blinds the luring eyes
  Of her I loved so well!

CHRISTMAS CHIME.

THE Christ is born! Incarnate son of Glory!
Messiah! King! anointed Lord of earth!
Once more the world, to-day, repeats the story,
The wondrous story of His sacred birth.

Do ye not hear the heavenly anthem, swelling
From sun-kiss'd hill, and music-murmuring glen?
Are not the blithesome bells "glad tidings" telling:
"Peace be on earth, and good will toward men"?

The star of Bethlehem, in mystic splendor,
To faith's prophetic eye again appears;
Its holy light grown more divinely tender
In the long lapse of eighteen hundred years.

Even as upon the blest Judean mountains
A radiant halo fell, from cloven skies,
And shepherds, resting by their pasture fountains,
Beheld the seraph hosts of Paradise,

So shineth still the light of love, unending,
Serene and pure upon our pilgrim way,

And herald angels, from the skies descending,
  Proclaim the Lord as on his natal day.

Oh, holy light of Christ! Diviner splendor
  Than full-orbed sheen of all the heavenly spheres!
Accept the soulful homage that we tender,
  And God-ward guide us through our mortal
    years.

TO A ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I AND YOU, sweet queen of flowers!
Nature's happy bosom bears,
Quicken'd by her mighty powers
Through an endless lapse of years.

Beauty wanes, and waxeth hoary,
Storms will scatter me and you—
But our deathless germ of glory
Soon its blossom shall renew.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

A FAIR, bright child, sweet as the youngest rose
Born of the laughing spring, lay on his couch,
And gazed upon the sky. Beside him stood
His sore-afflicted mother, and her eyes,
Drooping, and dark with tears of silent pain,
Looked down upon his face. Her soft white hand,
As if to shield from some impending blow
Her precious boy, lay on his lustrous curls;
The other pressed her own sad heart. Alas!
Insatiate Death again had singled out
The fairest of the flock to be his prey,
And came to bear his trophy to the grave.
Merciless tyrant! Can no tears beguile
Thy heedless heart? no prayer delay thy hand?
Have not the stars of many a weary night
Dimm'd their bright faces with the mothers's
tears?
Has not the pitying spirit of the wind,
Poising his pinions in the midnight sky,

Hushed his weird music to a dirge-like strain?
Alas, that Death can be so merciless!
Upon his icy hand the warmest tears
Love weeps in her divinest woe, congeal,
And all our prayers rise vainly, and are lost
Like harp tones in the desert winds.

The child
Gazed at the sky, on which the parting sun,
From out the lap of rose-embowering clouds,
Incessant glory poured, when, lo! a smile
Dimples the waxen cheek; his dreamful eye,
With star-like glinting flashes sweet surprise
And floods of rapture seem to whelm his soul;
Speech, that had lain in blissful silence long,
Or, like a bee immersed in summer sweets,
With drowsy murmurs only charmed the air,
To tremulous music gathering on his tongue,
At last the red lips cleft, and thus he cried:
"Oh, mother look! look there!" and then he said:
"See how the angels beckon me to come!
On yonder clouds they stand, their golden wings
All folded till I come. Last night they came
Here to my bed, when I was all alone,
And then they told me that a golden crown,

And golden harp awaited me in heaven,
And they would soon return to take me there.
Dear mother, have they come? Oh, let me go!"
The tiny hand, which eagerly had sought
To clasp the mother's arm imploringly,
Fell softly back, and like a snow-flake lay
Gleaming beside him. Gently o'er the eyes
Droop'd the dark lashes, glistening with tears,
And like some flower that meek and silently
Bows to the road-side dust its shining crown,
Bruised unto death by some ungentle hand,
So passed this blossom from the earth away.

From that dear head, (which now no more would need
The tender soothing of a mother's touch),
Slowly her hand the weeping mother drew,
And, kneeling close beside the silent couch,
God's holy benediction fell upon her.

And years have passed since o'er her darling's form
The dark grave closed; full many a fragrant flower
Has sprung to greet the singing summer days,
Or blent its faded glory with his dust;

But still, as day upon his flaming car
Rolls through the closing portals of the west,
And twilight glimmers over land and sea,
This mother's eyes, with dreamy glance will scan
The purpling heavens, and watch the fading clouds
Waste their ephemeral splendors on the air;
And as her fancy's busy fingers weave
The black and golden threads of life together,
A shape will flit athwart the dying sun,
Celestial glory flashing on the sight,—
The angel-image of her happy child
That passed at sunset through the gates of Heaven.

WANDERING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Under the trees I'll rest me, here
  Where the warbling birds are swinging,
Piping the notes to my heart so dear—
Sweet birds! that seem my soul to bear
  Away, with their dreamy singing.

To yonder brook's side I'll repair,
  And rest 'mid the blooms and clover;
Sweet flowers! that bloom like my absent fair,
Greetings and tokens of love ye bear
  To the heart of her wandering lover!

CARL.

ADDRESSED TO MY INFANT SON.

CARL! there is something in the name that rings
  Like the rude music of strange Runic rhymes,
  Blent with the sough of sea-ward facing pines,
That erst did greet the ocean's merry kings,
  The Gorms and Alvars of the old Norse times:

And hence I love it; as I love the dash
  And roar of waters in wild mountain glens
  Or the weird voices of the elements,
When wind, and rain, and thunders whirl and crash,
  And hissing lightnings spring from cloudy dens.

A name 'twould seem, scarce meet for thee to bear,
  My gentle child, my own, my dark-eyed boy!
  Song of my soul! my bosom's perfect joy!
Thou, like the dainty May bells, frail and fair,
  Whom a rude touch would wither and destroy.

Yet they who bore it in the days of eld
  Were men of prowess, staunch and sturdy wights;
  Bold Bayards of the sea, King Arthur Knights;
Heroes, that bore from Iceland to the Scheldt,
  Victorious banners through a thousand fights;—

And such as they were would I have thee be,
  My boy! when grown to manhood's proud estate,
  In all its strength and nobleness arrayed,
Thou enterest life's arena eagerly,
  With bounding pulse, and heart with hope elate;

But not for glory, conquest, spoils and fame,
  As did these ancient rovers of the seas,
  Fling thou thy banner to the stormy breeze;—
Glory like theirs is but immortal shame,
  And taints the womb of ages with disease;

Live thou a life thy Saviour will approve,
  When God's dark angel, Death, shall call thee hence;
  Be thou the champion of fair innocence,
Be true as steel to honor and to love,
  And for the right a stalwart, sure defense;

And if thou fallest in the fearful strife,
Fall like a hero—face-ward to the foe!
God's lilies on thy peaceful grave will blow.
And from the ashes of thy fruitful life
Th' immortal germs of truth shall spring and grow.

IDA.

SHE sleeps! The rosy-lidded eyes
  Droop with the weight of golden dreams;
Upon her face a beauty lies
Bright as the tint of summer skies,
  And fair as starlight beams.

Breathe low, ye happy spirits all
  That haunt the love-lit twilight hours!
Let all your sounds be musical,
And tender as the silken fall
  Of fairy feet on flowers.

How soft her bosom sinks and swells,
  Moved by her pulse's rythmic flow!
Thus, in the heart of dreamy dells,
The south-wind sways the lily bells
  Through summer's blissful glow.

Ye sylphs! that love the morning's beam,
  And fill with lucent dew the rose,
Heed not the day-dawn's bright'ning gleam—

For oh! a heaven of fairer sheen
  Those lids will soon disclose!

Like this sweet sleep may death appear,
  And press thy weary eye-lids down,
When harping angels gather near,
And Christ, upon thy forehead fair,
  Shall place His heavenly crown.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

THE world with all its wond'rous frame,
Rent to the core, and wrapped in flame,
Jehovah! must Thy will obey.
And perish in that awful day.
Like dews dissolving in the rills
Shall pass away the pillar'd hills;
Like mists upon the morning breeze
Shall fade the earth-encircling seas;
Like cloud-born meteors of the night
Nations shall vanish from the sight;
And at the angel's trumpet call
The silver spheres of heaven shall fall.

Thou Lord of love! eternal God!
When worlds have perished at Thy nod
And all their dead shall rise, and come
For judgment to Thine awful throne,
Oh, give that in the happy band
Of ransomed spirits I may stand!
Free from all fear of mortal sin,—
Companion of the cherubim!

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN's dreary days are coming;
Rough the river waves are running;
Winds their tempest-harps are strumming
  And the skies look bleak and gray.
As the forest sways and surges,
From its depths and from its verges,
Requiem songs and moanful dirges,
  Loudly mourn the lifeless day.

Like the leaves that writhe and shiver
On the brink of yonder river,
As if loth to sink forever
  In its waters, cold and gray,
So our summer days of dreaming,
When the spirit shapes its scheming,
By its love-star's mystic beaming,
  From the heart are rent away.

But the season's frowning features
Serve the heart as holy preachers;

They are God's appointed teachers,
  Sent by Him to me and you;
And they teach the mystic meaning
Of the soul's divinest dreaming,
Teach a life which is not seeming,
  Point to skies forever blue!

YOU.

THERE is a star, of all the stars
  In Luna's radiant crest,
On which our gaze more fondly dwells,
  Whose light we love the best.

There is a flower, of all the flowers
  The blissful spring unfolds,
Whose dearer name within our hearts
  The place of honor holds.

There is a hope, of all the hopes
  That wave their rainbow wings,
To which, until its glory fades,
  The spirit closest clings.

There is a love, of all the love
  Beneath the smiling sun,
Our fancy deems the dearest still,
  The sweetest—lost or won!

The brightest star, the fairest flower—
  If what I sing be true—
The sweetest hope, the dearest love
  Are you!

FALLING STARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALLET.

Oh, know ye not the meaning
  When swiftly earthward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
  Refulgent, lit the skies?

Yon stars, above us shining,
  With light so wondrous fair,
Bright wreaths of glory twining,
  Ten thousand angels are.

As God to these hath given
  The sleeping world in charge,
Around the walls of heaven
  With watchful eyes they march;

And when on earth below them
  Some struggling soul they see,
Which all its wounds would show them
  And in humility,

For heavenly help is pleading,
  And rest from earthly woe,
Thou'lt see an angel speeding
  On starry wings below!

Upon the mourner's pillow
  Celestial glory beams;
He stills the raging billow;
  He soothes the heart with dreams!

This is the holy meaning
  When swiftly earthward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
  Refulgent, lit the skies!

THE SEASONS. A CANTATA.

SPRING.

I am Spring, merry Spring!
  Daughter of the sun and earth;
Happy creatures everywhere
  Hail my heavenly birth.

Forests murmur, fountains sing,
  Rivers tuneful flow,
And the smiling hours crown me
  Queen of all below!

SUMMER.

Wreathed with roses and fair lily-bells,
  Crowned with a star-crown of dew,
Singing glad songs in the echoing dells,
  Summer brings blessings to you!

Under the pale, golden light of my moons,
  Gather, with song and with glee;
Beauty and love should be crown'd with my blooms,
  Crown them in honor of me!

AUTUMN.

The pomp of purple hills, the joy
  Of the harvest field is mine;
How sweet the joy that can not cloy,
  But makes the soul divine!
I robe the world in garments rare,
  No monarch such hath worn;
And love to wake the dreaming air
  With the hunter's merry horn.
  Oh, hark! oh, hear! what music clear
On winds of morning floateth near—
  The echoes call! I can not stay;
Hark! tally ho! away, away!

WINTER.

I have come, O, earth! to bind thee
  In the bondage of my wrath;
I have come, again to blind thee
With a slumber, dark as death;
  Howling storms shall desolate thee,
Mighty whirlwinds rack thy frame,
  Till the very skies upbraid me
With their tears of icy rain—
      But in vain;
I am winter, fearful winter,
  And I glory in my reign!

CHORUS OF THE SEASONS.

Praise be to God, th' omnipotent Creator!
  The Lord of earth and Heaven, the King of kings!
To whom ascends the praise of mighty nature,
  Whom seraphs guard with sheen of flaming wings!
He guides the golden spheres' majestic motion,
  He bids the tempests lash the groaning seas;
His spirit dwells in air, in earth and ocean;
  He is eternal power! immortal peace!
Let all His creatures praise the great Jehovah!
  And glorify the works His hand hath wrought!
Let harp and voice, blent with the hymning seasons,
  Declare the glory of Eternal God!

EUMENIE.

TENDER phantoms of the night!
Sprites! with pinions star-bedight!
  Ye, that hide till twilight closes,
  In the lily-bells and roses,
Ere ye seek, with love's emprise,
Sweeter rest on maidens' eyes;

When with silver wing ye urge
Through the gloom your dainty search,
  Bear for me a thousand kisses,
  Sighs of love, and love's caresses
To my gold-tress'd, violet eyed
Eumenie, my darling bride!

Slumbering like the seraphim,
In her chamber, saintly dim,
  Seek her; touch her golden tresses,
  Press her sealéd eyes with kisses,
Whisper, "wake sweet Eumenie,
Love hath sent us unto thee!"

And when, radiant as a rose,
Soft her dewy lips unclose,
  List ye well, with pinions folden,
  To the music flowing golden
From her dreaming heart, and then,
Hither swiftly haste again!

With the spirit of her dreams,
And aught else that fairest seems,
  Speed, oh, speed! through night's dominion
  Faries! with love-laden pinion,
And reveal in dreams to me,
Heart and soul of Eumenie!

LORE-LEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I KNOW not why sorrow is robbing
My heart of wonted rest;
My sleepless soul is throbbing
With a marvelous tale of the past.

Cool twilight breezes are blowing,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain's summit is glowing
In evening's dying shrine.

On yonder height sits dreaming
A maiden wondrous fair;
Around her, rare jewels gleaming,
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combeth
Her locks of golden hair;
A magical song she hummeth—
A marvelous, potent air.

The spell-bound mariner feareth,
  As his frail boat drifteth by;
But, charmed by the syren he heareth,
  He heeds not the danger nigh.

Methinks, by the wild cry ringing,
  The boat and the boatman are gone!
And this, with her marvelous singing
  The Lore-Ley hath done.

SPRING FLOWERS.

WELCOME! bright heralds of triumphant spring,
Children of beauty and eternal life!
Heedless of frowning clouds and chilling winds,
The cruel ministers of winter's reign,
Ye come, in pride of virgin loveliness,
To grace the bridal of the blushing year.

The whispers of the silvery, sweet south winds
Which, fitfully, from out the drifting clouds
Broke the light slumbers of the dreaming world,
Brought tidings of your coming, long ago!
The bold, brave sun, with passionate yearning, rent
The pallid cerements that veiled your charms,
And from the shimmer of his golden spear
Fast fled the darkness of your death-like trance,
And lo, ye live!

The wanton winds of heaven
Feast on the incense of your balmy lips!
The loving stars smile on you, and the moon
Doth nightly 'vest your forms in robes of light!

In dusky nooks and dells, to fairies dear,
When night in royal glory walks the skies;
By singing brooks, or in the dim arcades
Of solemn forests; on the wind-swept crags
That breast the white-plumed legions of the deep,
Jehovah's hand hath placed you; there to speak
Love's universal language, and to wake
Deep sense of omnipresent Deity
In human hearts, and lead the musing soul
To heavenly contemplation.

Blessed things!
How holy is the light your beauty beams
Unon the churchyard's mossy sepulchres;
Where pensive Love, and unrepining Faith
With prayer and blessing place you; where the winds
Breathe melancholy music, and the dews
That crown your bow'd and clustered heads with pearls,
Dissolving, leave rare largess to the dust.

The grave!—alas, can all the wondrous wealth
Imperial nature from her golden horn
Pours in the lap of the rejoicing earth,
Make us forget the 'horrent front of death?

The voiceless terror of wide-yawning graves?
Can all the fleet-wing'd melody of joy,
Which, borne upon the sun-blest airs of spring,
Sweeps seaward from the heaven-encircling hills
O'er echo-haunted vales and blooming wolds,
Drown the sad songs that mourn the urnéd dead?
Or charm the death bell's restless tongue to sleep?

But yet, it matters nothing! Heaven ordains
Eternal change to be the life of nature;
All beauteous forms, which through the life-full dust
Creep up, and sun-ward grow in golden germs,
Resting their crowns on the warm heart of day,
Perform God's silent ministry, and pass
Like dreams away, but their bright soul remains,
In fairer guise of beauty to appear,
And bless the world with grace of nobler life.

Sweet flowers of spring! you fill my heart with joy,
And from the fragrant chalices you bear
I drink, indeed, the nectar of the gods!
You are to me heaven-sent interpreters,
Teaching the language of diviner spheres,
And eloquent as angels in God's praise.

When through the darkening chambers of my
brain
Shall stream the dawn-light of eternity,
And death, with icy fingers, stills my heart;
When all the beauty of this world dissolves,
And globes its splendor in a transient tear,
Then will the lessons of your gentle lives
Teach me to meet, with glorifying faith,
This body's earthly change to perfect life!

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.—I. M. H.

THOU darling, blue-eyed fairy!
Thou witching, winsome elf!
To what shall I compare thee,
Sweet as thyself?

Thy bright eyes love-lit gleaming,
Is it not fairer far
Than Dian's blissful beaming,
Or twilights' star?

A lily-naiad, dreaming
By willow-brink'd lagoon,
Laved in the glory streaming
From skies of June,

Is her forehead's splendor brighter
Than the grace that crowns thy brow?
Would thy cheek, if laid beside her
Dim in its glow?

Are the hearts of roses redder
Than thy lush and lucent lips?

Is the juice of heath-bells sweeter,
The wild bee sips?

Do fawns, through forests straying
With fleet foot, seem more free
Than thou, with the flowers playing,
And birds o' the lea?

Hath the aspen's silvery shiver,
The harp of the hill-side pine,
Or the rhythmical murmuring river
A voice like thine?

Thou darling, blue-eyed fairy!
Thou witching, winsome elf,
To what shall I compare thee,
Fair as thyself?

Sweet doubts and fears assail me
That earth, and air, and sea
Hold naught that could avail me
To picture thee;

Therefore I deem thee rather
Some spirit in disguise,
Sent by the Eternal Father
From paradise,—

Some crown'd, incarnate Vision
Of seraph loveliness,
Ordained, in Christ-like mission;
To love and bless!

SPIRITS.

SPIRITS of loved ones! Sainted souls!
Whom everlasting love enfolds,
  Are ye permitted still to watch
Our mortal sphere with loving eye?
  Or from its restless harps to catch
Murmurs of mirth, and sounds of agony?

Or doth a silence deep as death,
That knoweth neither sound or breath,
  Encompass your celestial spheres?
Like that which reigneth in the tombs,
  Callous alike to smiles and tears,
To winter's snow, or blithesome summer's blooms.

When wandering where their dust may sleep
I ask the silent flowers which keep
  Fond vigils there by Love's command;
And, answering my heart, they turn
  Their bright face to the starry land,
And smile my doubts away with sunny scorn

Fine-souled Affection's second-sight
Hath power to pierce the skies of light;
  It lifts at will the veiling shroud,
Which heaven's divinest glories wear;
  And tells us man is gird about,
And holds commune with spirits everywhere.

With us still dwells the heavenly part,
That lit the brain and warmed the heart
  Of loved ones, sleeping 'neath the stones
Of sepulchres—their purer love
  Enwreathes our life, our hopes and homes,
With an immortal beauty from above.

Their seraph pinions round us sweep
When night hath charmed us into sleep
  With elf-blown trumpets musical;
When fairies, clashing silver spears,
  Make chime-like din at interval,
And breathe their goblin stories in our ears.

Through all the long days sounding hours,
When life and love's titanic powers
  'Gainst death and fate stand in array,
And sin and sorrow glooms the air,
  They shrink not from our side away,
But whisper hope to hearts that would despair.

And when our life's swift current glides
At last into that sea, whose tides
  Engulph the mortal wrecks of time,
Our souls will catch, with dying eyes,
  Faint glimpse of spirits all divine,
Who come to guide it to its native skies.

IN A GRAVEYARD.

THE purple sky is darkening into gray,
  The night-wind's earliest whisper wakes the boughs,
The crimson flush, that marked the path of day
  Down the steep west, with lessening radiance glows,
And, like a thought flashed from a poet's dream,
The moon, with glowing splendor floods the scene.

Around me lie the mansions of the dead,
  The voiceless homes of frail mortality,
To which life's joys can never penetrate,
  From whose closed portal cares forever flee;
The brazen gates which death alone unbars—
Earth's entrance to the temple of the stars!

How hushed they lie, the mazy walks around!
  How deep a silence guards their sacred sleep!
The trees seem bowed to earth with grief profound,
  And Twilight comes within their shade to weep;

Even as I pause, among the flowers and grass,
Invisible spirits, near me, seem to pass.

What secrets here lie buried from all eyes!
  What hopes and fears! crushed 'neath the sullen sod,
Veiled by the awful mystery of the skies,
  Unknown—save to the sleeper, and to God,
Until that day when His almighty breath
Shall fire the world, and rend the veil of death.

Oh, heart! oh, soul! oh, busy, toiling brain!
  Oh, man! thou bubble, floating on the waves,
Turn back, sometimes, from paths of greed and fame
  To those that wind among these silent graves,
And, musing there, let thy sad soul confess
The wretched vanity of all our worldliness!

THOU EVERYWHERE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHULTZE.

When the moon and stars are paling,
Morning ope's her golden gate;
When the rosy day is failing,
Moon and stars the world await.

In the crimson glow of even,
In Aurora's cloudless rays,
In the moon and stars of heaven,
Dearest! I behold thy face.

Others pass me in my roaming,
And their presence scarce I heed,
But my spirit feels thy coming,
Long before thy form I greet.

Yet, when thou art nearest to me,
Tears, from bashful eyes that glide—
Born of visions bright or gloomy—
Veil thy presence from my sight.

Can I cease to dream so dearly,
  But so hopefully of thee?
Thou, who art forever near me,
  Yet forever lost to me!

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come, lovely Spring! unveil thy radiant eyes,
And with a look give blessings to the world!
The cruel bondage of the winter-king
Shake from thy dainty limbs, and bid the hours
Proclaim thee queen of the rejoicing earth,
And strew thy path with roses.

Sullen storms
Shall sink disarm'd before thy fairy feet,
And change their wrath to lute-like murmuring;
The clouds shall fill thy chalice with sweet dews,
The valleys sing thy praises, and the hills
Uplift their foreheads to the golden sky
In silent adoration.

Come, oh, come!
The pallid primrose, and the violet,
Hid in the gracious bosom of the earth,
Are dreaming of thy coming; woodland rills
Run seaward merrily, with murmur'd hints

Of stately lilies soon to bow their heads
And kiss the crystal waters. Every tree
Breathes legends of thy beauty, and awaits
The gadding winds, that lag on orient seas,
Impatiently for tidings of thy coming;
Every star, that through the glimmering night
Walks in majestic glory, seems to wear
An added jewel in its blazing crown,
To give thy presence greeting; and the sun,—
Who fled in haste the winter's sullen skies,
Unscepterd, impotent—sinks to repose
Like some proud monarch, robed in purple splendor.

But dearer still than all, oh, beauteous spring,
The tuneful homage of all gentle hearts!
Gaunt poverty, whose oft recurring tears
Flow but to freeze unheeded on the cheek;
Sickness, and care, of whom the whistling winds
Through winter's riot made sad mockery;—
All these shall hail thy coming with delight,
Ineffable save in the speaking eye,
And the unconscious flushing of the cheek—
The soul's impassioned language;—thou, in these
Shalt see the triumph of thy loveliness,
And feel the gladness that thy coming brings.

Then shall effulgent Love, the heavenly maid!
In dreamful mood, with eyelids scarce unclosed,
Tracing the windings of some lonely dell
Enwreathe her golden locks with festal flowers;
Or, by some fountain in dim woods reclined,
Breathe her entrancing raptures in thine ear
And paint thy skies with visions.

Oh, descend,
Immortal spirit of the beautiful!
And when thy silver pinions, rosy tipp'd,
Are folded on the fair world's swelling breast,
My heart shall seek sweet counsel from thy lips,
And tune its chords in harmony with thine.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.—SONG.

DAYS of childhood, fair and fleeting!
  Sunny visions of the past!
Still your fairy revels keeping
  In the dreams that haunt my breast;
Oh, when life grows sad and weary,
  And the heart's bright hopes decline,
Come on golden pinions near me,
  As in happy olden time.

Soon these raven locks will whiten
  With the frosts of wint'ry years,
And the smiles my face that brighten
  Lose their sunny sheen in tears;
Oh, with tones of love and gladness,
  Crowned with mem'ry's starry rays,
Hasten, then, to cheer my sadness,
  Spirit of my childhood days!

When the shades of death surround me,
  And earth's weary race is run;

When life's sorrows cease to wound me,
  And its golden goal is won,
Radiant in celestial glory
  Dawn upon my dying eyes,
Guide my spirit, and restore me
  To the heart's lost paradise!

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.—SONG.

Oh, tell me not that love's first dream
  Can ever vanish from the heart,
Or idly lose its golden sheen
  As slow the dying years depart;
For in the soul, forever fair,
  Some holy image dwells serene,
Whose fondly cherished features wear
  The tender light of love's first dream.

Oh, bright may be the dreams that swing
  Their plumes around the heights of fame,
And sweet may be the dreams that bring
  The days of childhood back again;
But on the soul with brigther rays
  Love's morning-suns of glory beam,
And in the twilight of our days,
  How sweet the stars of love's first dream!

For years untouched the harp may lie,
  Yet lives its soul of music still,—

A breath may wander from the sky,
  And wake the slumb'ring wires at will;
Thus will the heart its silence break,
  And softly sigh, "it might have been,"
When memory's fairy fingers wake
  The golden chords of love's first dream.

THE BROOK.

How fair yon brook along the meadow winds
Its shining way! Its silver lips are loud
In beauteous summer's praise; and as it drinks
Ineffable glory from the cloudless sky,
And softly whispers its serene content
To every flower that blossoms in its path,
It seems the archetype of all glad things
That in this world are glad, and bright and free;
And yet, how soon the smiling picture fades,
The music ends, the living grace is gone!—
O'er the brown hills the baleful north-wind blows,
Herald of winter; from their cloudy caves
Rush forth the raving tempests; blinded Day
Shorn of his might and kingly majesty,
Gropes faint his way athwart the dark'ning heavens;
Pale Horror flies the land, and Ruin sits
High-towering, vast, upon her throne of graves.
Where is the beauty of the summer brook,

The shimmering glory of the bloomful fields?
Where the blithe song of its melodious lips,
Breath'd in our ears the livelong, happy day?
Where all the radiant grace of loveliness,
Felt, though unseen—as when celestial powers
From dreamland heights descending, touch the heart
With odoriferous and invisible wings;
Ah, where are they? Would that the heart could tell!

We only know that beauty never dies,
But lives in spirit everlastingly;
Though every earthly form it takes must change,
Willed by the love that rules the universe;
Therefore we feel that spring will come again,
And summer, with its wealth of glorious things,
The same as now, and that this humble stream
Will hold a gladsome spirit in its breast,
E'en though the death-cold hands of winter press
Upon its merry lips, and chill them dumb;
And more than this we know—that silently,
Yet no less surely, 'neath the masking ice,
(Blent with the bolder river's widening flow,)
Will its fair flood meander to the sea,
And win the goal triumphant!

So, my love,
Seemeth the picture of our earthly years;—
Swift glide the shining summer days of youth
Through ever-bright'ning scenes ; the dainty hours
With fragrance scent the air, and cloudless skies
Circle the vision of the dreamful soul ;
Time's measure is the heavenly harmony
Harp'd by the rills, that from the star-bright cliffs
Of Elfland, fall into its golden seas ;—
And thus the blissful heart throbs on, and glides
Along the widening prospect of the years,
Till some dread fate, unseen impending, falls,
And wintry desolation whelms the soul !
The hymning lips are dumb ; her harp unstrung,
Amid the fallen fabric of her dreams
Behold, sweet Hope in death-like swoon doth lie !
Strange horrors seize us, and our smitten Life,
Sore-wounded, blind, and helpless, gropes its way
On through the growing shadows of the night,
And yet, my love, why dread these evil days ?
This winter of the heart ? Do we not feel
A hope within that spring may come again ?
And in her train the summer's smiling days ?
And autumn, too, with all her ripen'd fruits ?
And if they should *not* come, do we not know

That, whatsoe'er the unkind years may do,
They cannot touch the silent bliss that flows
Under the mortal masking of our souls,
Nor bar the triumph of love-blended lives,
Whose goal is heaven.

FABLES IN RHYME

FABLES IN RHYME.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.—ÆSOP.

A LARK her unfledged young had hid
Within a field of ripening wheat;
But fearing that, when she was gone,
The owner of the field would come
To reap, and garner in the grain,
And thus her progeny be slain,
She told her brood to list with care
To every word that they might hear
The master of the grain-field say,
Whenever she might be away.

One day the farmer, near the nest,
Said to his son: "I think 'tis best
To reap the grain;—we'll call our neighbors
To-morrow, to assist our labors."
The young ones, on the lark's return,
Told her what they had heard that morn,
And begg'd her somewhere else to go;—
"No need of haste," she said, "I know

If he depends on other's aid
The harvest will not soon be made."

Next day the farmer came again,
But neither friend nor neighbor came
To help him reap the ripen'd grain;
The sun grew hot, but nought was done,
Then said the farmer to his son;
"We can't depend on friends or neighbors
To help us in our harvest labors,
Go ask assistance of our kin;
To-morrow morning we'll begin."

In great alarm the frightened birds
Told the old lark the farmer's words;
"If that be all," the mother said,
"We run no risk of danger yêt;
For all his relatives, 'tis known,
Have harvest labor of their own;
But when the men again appear,
Mark well, and tell me all you hear."

The lark once more had gone abroad,
When next his field the farmer sought.
The o'er-ripe wheat-heads, golden crown'd,
Their treasures scatter'd on the ground,

And finding still no labor done,
The farmer said unto his son:
"This thing I can no more endure,
Nor wait for help;—go, and procure
This very evening sickles twain,
To-morrow, *we* will reap the grain."

When this the old lark heard, she said:
"Ah! now 'tis time to move, indeed;
For when a man counts not on friends,
But to his work himself attends,
Be sure he promptly pushes through
Whate'er his hands have found to do."

THE LION AND THE FOUR BULLS.—ÆSOP.

FOUR bulls, by friendly feelings swayed,
Once on a time a treaty made
  To browse at all times close together
  While wand'ring in the juicy heather,
And thus by banded strength, defy
A lion, who was lurking nigh.
  The lion, from a neighboring grove
  Had often watched the stately drove,
Hoping a bull would choose to stray
Far from the rest, some luckless day,
  And so become an easy prey;
  For well the cunning lion knew
  Attacking *all* would never do.
But soon he found the hope was vain,
And so he tried another game—
  With nods, and winks, and whisperings,
  And hints, and slurs, and such like things,
The lion worked upon their minds,
And prospered well in his desigus;

For jealousies, and angry blood,
Began to mar the brotherhood;
The hatred grew from day to day,
Each from the other turned away,
And soon the lion, from his station,
Beheld their total separation—
His end was gained; and, greatly pleased,
The separated bulls he seized,
And soon devoured them, one by one,
A thing he never could have done,
Had they not listen'd to his crafty tongue,
But lived in happy union, safe and strong.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.—ÆSOP

WHERE, sparkling down a hillside, ran
  A brook, with music sweet,
To quench their thirst, a wolf and lamb
  Once chanced to meet;
The wolf the crystal current lapp'd
  High up the green hill-side,
While, far below, the meek lamb crept
  To taste the cooling tide;

The wily wolf, upon a quarrel bent
That would secure the prize which chance had sent,
  At once into a passion flew,
  And to the lamb said: "How dare
Disturb this brook's translucent flood,
And meanly fill the stream with mud
  While I am drinking?—For this naughty action
  I now demand the fullest satisfaction!"

The lamb, with look of deep contrition,
And frighten'd, said: "With your permission,

Allow me, sir, at least to say
The stream runs *downward*, all the way;
I stood below,—and you above,
Therefore, my lord, I beg you, prove
How I'm in fault, or how you find me guilty
Of having made your lordship's water filthy?"

"Well, be that as it may; I vow
You are a rascal, anyhow,"
The wolf retorted;
"Six months ago you banter'd me,
Behind my back you slander'd me;
'Tis so reported."
"I was not born," the wond'ring lamb exclaim'd,
"Six months ago, the time your lordship named!"

The wily wolf found
He was losing ground
The argument thus to pursue;
So, waxing in ire,
With eyeball on fire,
And frothing mouth, nearer he drew;
"Sirrah!" he cried, "your plea is naught;
The mischief was done
By you, or your father, and well I wot
That is all one"—
And the wolf slew the innocent lamb on the spot.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.—ÆSOP.

A BRISK young cock, with his clucking mate
In the barn-yard strutting, with lordly state,
  Was scratching for food on a dunghills' side,
  When a costly gem in the filth he spied;
He knew 'twas a jewel, fit for a queen,
By its flawless beauty, and lustrous sheen,
  But being too stupid to comprehend
  To what use he could put the ornament,
He tried to cover his want of sense
With gay contempt, and show of pretense;—
  Clapping his wings, and shaking his head,
  With grimace and shrug the young cock said:
"A very fine thing, I admit that you are,
But you've no business here; and I declare
  Without hesitation, or scruple of mind,
  A different way *my* taste's inclined,
And a grain of sweet barley alone prefers
To the jewels of all the universe."

THE FROG AND THE FOX.—ÆSOP.

A FROG emerging from the mud,
Upon the quagmire's margin stood,
  And thence, with sounding phrase, proclaimed
  To all the earth, that he was named
The Great Physician, greater even
Than Æsculap, M. D. of Heaven!
  And with his drugs, and famous pills,
  Could cure the world of all its ills;
At last the fox, indignant, cried:
"'Tis evident that you have lied;
  Your limping gait, and wrinkled skin,
  Your crooked legs, and visage thin,
Declare your brazen impudence
That would insult our common sense,
  For how dare you pretend, you ugly elf!
  To cure the world, and fail to cure yourself?"

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.—ÆSOP.

A HUNGRY fox, in search of prey,
Into a vineyard chanced to stray;
  Ripe grapes, in tempting bunches, hung
  Upon a trellis, high and strong;
With many a tiresome leap he tries
To reach the sweet and tempting prize;
  But, finding all his efforts vain,
  The baffled fox affects disdain:
"Let such as choose these grapes devour,
I'll touch them not, for they are sour."

THE BOWMAN AND THE LION.

A HUNTER, skilled in archery,
  Went forth to hunt one day;
The beasts, alarmed at his approach,
  All, pell-mell, ran away,
Only the lion seemed inclined
  To dare the coming fray;
Drawing an arrow to the head
The bowman to the lion said:
  "I wish to tell you something, sir,
  Wait, and receive my messenger;"
Swift to the mark the missile flew,
The lion's thick hide piercing through—
  Smarting with pain, the wounded beast
  Hies to the sheltering woods in haste;
"Ho!" cried the fox, who saw him flee,
"Return, and face the enemy;"
  "Nay," said the lion in reply,
  "Such folly I will never try,
For if *thus* strong the herald who attends him,
How mightier still must be the power that sends
    him!"

THE TWO POTS.—ÆSOP.

A SUDDEN inundation caught
An earthen and a brazen pot,
  Which on the river's margin stood,
  And swept them out upon the flood.
Said brass pot to his earthen mate:
"Come to my side; be not afraid,
  I will defend you, brother;"
  "I thank you," said the other,
"For the proposal you have made,
But 'tis of you I'm most afraid;
  Dash I on you, or you on me,
  The sufferer I am sure to be;
So I prefer to float alone,
And beg you will not nearer come."

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.—ÆSOP.

A MOUNTAIN once, (no matter in what year),
Was said to be in labor; such a quaking,
Unearthly groaning, rumbling, roaring, shaking,
Was never known before. From far and near
The people came, and round the mountain stood,
An anxious, whispering, wondering multitude;
Long time they watched, to see the monstrous birth
Burst through the walls of its huge prison-house—
At last, from the rent mountain's side, creeps forth
A mouse.

THE BELLY AND ITS MEMBERS.—ÆSOP.

LONG time ago, beyond the reach
  Of any man's imagination,
The Body's parts, endowed with speech,
  Forgot their purposes and station,
  And so, in solemn convocation,
They each and all, resolved to teach
  Their brother, Belly, by rebellion,
That he was nothing but a leech,
  A lazy, good-for-nothing scullion,
Who gained his living and support,
By what their labor could afford;
  Therefore they swore, by earth and skies,
  To cut him off from all supplies:—
"I," said the Hand, "will never raise
A finger to increase his days;"
  "I," said the Mouth, "refuse to take
  Food offered for the Belly's sake;"
The Teeth: "If we his rations chew
May we be rotten, through and through!"

This solemn covenant and league
The rebels scarcely kept a week,
For soon they found their strength decay,
And the whole Body waste away;
Thus forced, by stern experience,
To learn that they could not dispense
With their despised brother member,
The Belly, they proposed surrender;
Convinced that one, no matter who,
Without the other could not do,
And that the Body's health is then the best
When each, in friendly concord, aids the rest.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.—ÆSOP.

BETWEEN the North-wind and the Sun
  Arose a friendly disputation;
Each claimed to be the stronger one,
  And precedence in station;
This question of supremacy
  The disputants agreed should be
Decided thus:
  "Who, for his sake,
Shall first the traveler force to take
His cloak off, hath the victory."
  Then blew the Wind his coldest blast,
Whelming the land with sleet and shower,
  The traveler, however, grasp'd
His cloak the tighter, and the power
  That ruled the pitylessly pelting storm
  Served but to fold it closer to his form.
Then came the Sun; his welcome beam
Shone bright on grove, and field, and stream,
  And on the plodding traveler's head

The glory of the heavens was shed;
But as the sun more fervent grew,
Far from his side his cloak he threw,
And, by the waxing heat oppress'd,
The grove he sought, for shade and rest—
The sun had gained the victory!
For love and kindness stronger be
Than blustering force and tyranny.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.—ÆSOP.

An Ass put on a Lion's skin,
  And in this guise went roaming;
His silly mates, from field and bin
  Fled, when they saw him coming;
Elated with success, he tries
To scare a Fox whom he espies
  Across the pasture straying:
"Ah," said the Fox, "you would indeed
In fright'ning me to death succeed,
  Had I not heard thee braying."

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.—ÆSOP.

An aged man, who long upon his back
A burden bore,
Sank in despair upon his toilsome track,
Weary and sore:
And called on Death his misery to end
Forevermore!
Death straightway came: "What dost thou want, my friend?"
"To rise again," he said; "thine aid I meant
But to implore."

THE END.

GILL'S WORKS,

UNIFORM IN IMITATION MOROCCO.

I. EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS. An Exposition and Defence. 295 pp. - - $1.50

II. ANALYTICAL PROCESSES; or, The Primary Principal of Philosophy. 483 pp. $2.00

III. CHRISTIAN CONCEPTION AND EXperience. 238 pp. - - - - $1.00

☞ *For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price by the Publishers.*

THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING COMPANY,

27 Bond Street, New York.

AUTHORS' PUBLISHING COMPANY'S

NEW BOOKS.

☞ THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING COMPANY *will send any of the following books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HIGHER THOUGHT.

Evolution and Progress:

An Exposition and Defence. The Foundation of Evolution Philosophically Expounded, and its Arguments (divested of insignificant and distracting physical details) succinctly stated; together with a review of leading opponents, as Dawson and Winchell, and quasi-opponents, as Le Conte and Carpenter. By Rev. WILLIAM I. GILL, A. M., of Newark Conference, N. J. *The first volume of the International Prize Series.* THIRD EDITION. Cloth extra, imitation morocco, fine paper, 295 pp., 12mo., Price . $1 50

Each volume in this series was awarded a prize of *Two Hundred Dollars* in addition to copyright, in a competition which was open one year to the world, and where over three hundred manuscripts were submitted and read.

DESCRIPTIVE OPINIONS OF EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

One of our most candid and thoughtful writers.—*Dr. Crane.*

He is a clear and strong reasoner.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard.*

A particularly strong argument.—*Evansville (Ind.) Daily Journal.*

It is ably written. Builds on philosophical principles.—*Brooklyn Union.*

The attitude of Mr. Gill, and his courage in maintaining it, are worthy of note.—*New York World.*

I rejoice in all attempts of this kind, made in a spirit like that which prompts your work.—*Herbert Spencer.*

His writings are marked by strong common sense, sound logic, and clear demonstration.—*Methodist Home Journal.*

It is a book of original thinking on one of the greatest themes.....A keen, thoughtful, vigorous volume.—*Golden Age.*

He strikes with no velvet glove, but with a steel-clad hand, dealing his blows with equal profusion and impartiality.—*New York Tribune.*

His effort is earnest, able and bold..... It presents, in all their naked strength, thoughts and arguments which will have to be met and answered.—*The Methodist, New York.*

Analytical Processes;

Or, The Primary Principle of Philosophy. By REV. WILLIAM I. GILL, A. M., author of "Evolution and Progress." *The Third Volume of the International Prize Series.* Cloth extra, fine paper, uniform with "Evolution and Progress," 450 pp., 12mo. Price $2 00.

A work which the committee cannot describe without seeming to exaggerate. It is marked by extraordinary depth and originality, and yet it is so clear and convincing as to make its novel conclusions appear like familiar common sense.—*From Report of Committee of Prize Award.*

It contains a vast amount of able and conscientious thought and acute criticism.—*Dr. McCosh, Prest. Princeton College.*

A specimen of robust thinking. I am very much gratified with its thoroughness, acuteness and logical coherence.—*Dr. Anderson, Pres't Rochester University.*

Ecclesiology:

A Fresh Inquiry as to the Fundamental Idea and Constitution of the New Testament Church; with a Supplement on Ordination. By REV. E. J. FISH, D. D. Cloth extra, fine paper, 400 pp., 12mo. . Price $2 00.

DOCTOR FISH disposes this volume into four parts.—I. The Fundamental Idea of the Church; II. The New Testament Church Constitution; III. Application of Principles; IV. A Supplement on Ordinaton—and addresses himself to his themes with the full earnestness of ability, clearness of logic, and conscientiousness of spirit which comprehensive treatment requires. As a "building fitly framed together," it is a fair-minded and standard contribution to the best religious literature of the Christian age.

The Beauty of the King:

By REV. A. H. HOLLOWAY, A. M., author of "Good Words for S. S. Teachers," "Teachers' Meetings," etc. Cloth extra, 174 pp. 12mo, $1.00; full gilt, beveled edges, $1.25.

A remarkably clear, comprehensive and intelligible exposition of the natural and spiritual causes, processes and effects of the birth, life and death of Jesus—a subject much discussed, yet not generally understood now-a-days.

Life for a Look:

By REV. A. H. HOLLOWAY, A. M. Paper covers, 32mo.
Price, 15 cts.

Earnest, cogent words, marrowy with the spirit of honest, old-fashioned Religion.

Christian Conception and Experience.

By Rev. WM. I. GILL, A. M., author of "Evolution and Progress," "Analytical Processes," etc. Imitation Morocco 12mo. . . . . Price, $1 00.

A fresh exposition and argument, practically enforced by a remarkable narrative of the conversion of a skeptic through this same argument. While it exhibits in parts the philosophic cast of the author's mind, its vivacious and lucid treatment will create for it a universal interest. This third work—in order of publication—by this fearless investigator, has, in large part, been written since his Trial before the Newark Methodist Episcopal Conference, under the charge of "Heresy," for writing his EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS, and it supplies abundant, fresh and vigorous thought-pabulum for the entertainment of heretics, critics, and Christians alike.

Resurrection of the Body. Does the Bible Teach it?

By E. NISBET, D. D. With an Introduction by G. W. SAMSON, D. D., late President of Columbian University, D. C. Fine English cloth, 12mo. Price $1.00.

This is the careful work of an independent thinker and bold investigator. He strips away the trammels of hereditary prejudice, breaks the "old bottles" of unreasoning bias, and, with invincible logic, enters a field of research which had almost made a coward of thought. He begs no questions, makes no special pleadings, but meets the issue in its full front with such clean honesty and consummate ability that the book will interest and instruct every fair-minded reader, and charm and gratify every earnest student.

Reverend Green Willingwood;

Or, LIFE AMONG THE CLERGY. By Rev. ROBERT FISHER. Silk cloth, in ink and gold, 12mo. In Press.

With a resolute spirit and a knightly lance the Rev. Green Willingwood fights the battles of his brother clergymen. His battle ground is in the midst of every congregation. His armament is comprised of faithful work, hearty humor and delicate satire. In short, Rev. Green Willingwood says and does precisely that which is wont to be said and done, but which, for obvious reasons, cannot be spoken from the pulpit nor accomplished directly in the pastorate.

NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING CO'S. Publications, supplied free on application in person at 27 BOND ST., NEW YORK, or mailed on receipt of stamp.

PRACTICAL THOUGHT.

Mercantile Prices and Profits;

Or the Valuation of Commodities for a Fair Trade. By M. R. PILON. Handsomely printed, 8vo., paper, 100 pp., ... In Press.

The author has brought broad experience and comprehensive research to bear upon his subjects. His style is terse and perspicuous. He uses the easy and concise language of an educated business man; and, with wonderful art, invests every chapter with the grace and charm of a well-told story.

Monetary Feasts and Famines;

Labor, Values, Prices, Foreign and Fair Trade, Scarcity of Money and the Causes of Inflation. By M. R. PILON, author of "The Grangers." Uniform with "The Grangers,"—(*In Press.*) . .

Gold and Free Banks:

Ways to arrive at the Demonetization of Gold and Silver, and the establishment of Private Banks under control of the National Government. By. M. R. PILON, author of "The Grangers." FIFTH EDITION. 8vo., 186 pp., paper cover, . . Price 75 cents.

The work is interesting, and especially valuable to financiers.—*Jersey City Daily Journal.*

He gives expression to a good deal of sound financial principle.—*Louisville Daily Commercial.*

It is full of common sense.....Valuable for its facts, its thoughts and its suggestions.—*Troy Daily Whig.*

Is written in an interesting and popular style and contains much useful information.—*Oakland, Cal., Daily News.*

The subject of the high valuation of gold and silver currency is fully discussed, and offers some new ideas worthy the attention of those interested in monetary affairs.—*Toledo Commercial.*

The author is a merchant who has extensively studied the currency problem. His hits are often sharp and incisive.....Mr. Pilon would provide ample banking facilities for every city, town and village, with both stock and land security.—*Cincinnati Daily Star.*

.....Discussing the currency question in an original, forcible and entertaining style. The author has brought together a great amount of varied information upon the whole subject of money.....Those interested will find unquestioned ability in the author's handling of it.—*Baltimore Methodist Protestant.*

The Manuscript Manual:

How to Prepare Manuscripts for the Press—practical and to the point. Paper, 26 pp., 8vo. Price 10 cents.

A most useful little companion to the young writer and editor.—*The South, New York.*

Gives excellent hints to intending writers.—*Cleveland Evan. Messenger*

ÆSTHETIC THOUGHT.

Irene; or, Beach-Broken Billows:

A Story. By MRS. B. F. BAER, author of "Lena's Marriage," "The Match-Girl of New York," "Little Bare-Foot," etc., etc. *The second volume of the International Prize Series.* SECOND EDITION. Cloth extra, fine thick paper. 12mo. . . . Price $1 00.

Natural, honest and delicate.—*New York Herald.*
Charming and thoughtful.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*
Depicted in strong terms.—*Baptist Union, New York.*
Eminently pleasing and profitable.—*Christian Era, Boston.*
A fascinating volume.—*Georgia Musical Eclectic Magazine.*
Characters and plot fresh and original.—*Bridgeport News.*
With freshness, clearness, and vigor.—*Neb. Watchman.*
Delightful book.—*Saturday Review, Louisville, Ky.*
Lays open a whole network of the tender and emotional.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Daily Register.*

The unity is well preserved, the characters maintaining that probability so essential in the higher forms of fiction.—*Baltimore Methodist Protestant.*

There is a peculiar charm in the reading of this book, which every one who peruses it must feel. It is very like to that which is inspired in reading any of Hawthorne's romances.—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

Wild Flowers:

Poems. By CHARLES W. HUBNER, author of "Souvenirs of Luther." Elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with portrait of the Author, imitation morocco and beveled edges, 196 pp., 12mo. *Just ready,* Price $1 25. The same, gilt edges, . . $1 75

As a poet Mr. HUBNER is conservative—always tender and delicate, never turbid or erratic. He evinces a strong love of nature and high spirituality, and brings us, from the humblest places and in the humblest guises, beauties of the heart, the life, the universe, and, while placing them before our vision, has glorified them and shown that within them of whose existence we had never dreamed.

Her Waiting Heart:

A Novel. By LOU CAPSADELL, author of "Hallow E'en." Cloth extra, 192 pp., 12mo. *Just ready.* $1 00.

A story of New York—drawn from the familiar phases of life, which, under the calmest surfaces, cover the greatest depths. Charming skill is shown in the naturalness of characterization, development of plot and narrative, strength of action and delicacy of thought.

Shadowed Perils:

A Novel. By M. A. AVERY, author of "The Loyal Bride," etc. English cloth, 260 pp., 12mo, . . . $1 25

The story is bold and dramatic in action, graceful in narrative, strong in characterization, intense in interest, sweet and pure in tone, and is marked by keen sympathy with the lowly and oppressed.

Egypt Ennis; or, Prisons Without Walls:

A Novel. By KELSIC ETHERIDGE. Paper, 97 pp., 8vo., ... Price, 35 cents.

Has the curiosity-exciting tendency.—*Boston Beacon.*

The interest grows and retains attention to the end.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Short, sententious, marrowy, and spiced with episodes. Has a warm southern aroma of orange and magnolia blossoms.—*Baltimore Meth. Prot.*

Of rare beauty and power in its vivid, life-like picturing of men and places. . . . . Through such artistic touches of skill and strength we are wafted in thought as we follow the hero and heroine through the mazes of the old, old story.—*Ladies' Pearl, St. Louis.*

The Travelers' Grab-Bag; or, the Heart of a Quiet Hour:

A Hand-book for utilizing fragments of leisure in railroad trains, steamboats, way stations and easy chairs. Edited by AN OLD TRAVELER. . . . Paper, 100 pp., 8vo. . . . . Price, 35 cents.

Full of spice and fun.—*Baltimore Meth. Prot.*

No traveler should be without it.—*N. Y. Forest and Stream.*

Teeming with rollicking humor and a kind of satire that will be enjoyable.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

Guarded by a Fear:

By MRS. M. B. SHERIDAN. Paper. 8vo, 77 pp. In Press.

A good story, vividly and beautifully told, full of attractive originality, character and ingenuity of plot.

Women's Secrets; or, How to be Beautiful:

Translated and Edited from the Persian and French, with additions from the best English authorities. By LOU. CAPSADELL, author of "Her Waiting Heart," "Hallow E'en," etc. Pp. 100, 12mo.

Saratoga Edition, in Scotch granite paper covers, 25 cents.
Boudoir Edition, French grey and blue cloths, . 75 cents.

The systems, directions and recipes for promoting Personal Beauty, as practiced for thousands of years by the renowned beauties of the Orient, and for securing the grace and charm for which the French Toilette and Boudoir are distinguished, together with suggestions from the best authorities, comprising History and Uses of Beauty; The Best Standards; Beautiful Children; Beauty Food, Sleep, Exercise, Health, Emotions; How to be Fat; How to be Lean; How to be Beautiful and to remain so, etc., etc.

Fair Minthe; or, The Curious Origin of Mint Julip:

Being the Sad Story and Lamentable Fate of the Fair Minthe. By FRANK DASHMORE. 12mo, large type and thick paper.

Saratoga Edition, Scotch granite covers, . . . 25 cents.
Mint Julip Edition, French blue and grey cloths, 75 cents.

Bright, sparkling, jolly, tantalizing, piquant, unique—very.

Nine Little Busters:

By KELSIC ETHERIDGE, author of "Egypt Ennis," etc. Child's 4to.

The Boys' Edition, Scotch granite covers, . . 25 cents.
Holiday Edition, French blue and grey cloths, . 75 cents.

The ludicrous and serious adventures, trials and triumphs, of Nine heroic Little Busters.

☞ Inclose three-cent stamp for pamphlet, comprising descriptive catalogue and the plan of organization and working of The Authors' Publishing Company. Address,

THE AUTHORS' PUBLISHING CO.,

27 Bond Street New York.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.